The Relief Society Magazine

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JUNE 1952

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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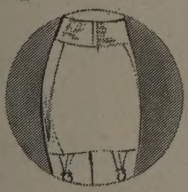

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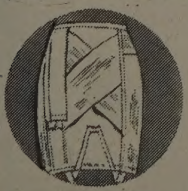

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At the Final Moment

Katherine F. Larsen

In all simplicity great things are given;
No fanfare heralds truth, no panoply
Nor plumes dress truth; the heavens are not riven
With lightnings to announce discovery.
The searcher after truth may range abroad,
Or deep into coverts of untrammeled lore,
Only to find on some path often trod,
Traversed again, the thing he missed before.

Truth, at the final moment, is disclosed,
Not in the dress of aristocracy
As even the finder once may have supposed;
But lies at the moment of finality
In utter naturalness, unembellished, rude—
Stark in the beauty of simple rectitude.

The Cover: MacArthur Park, Los Angeles, California; Photograph by Ward Linton
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Frontispiece Photograph: Grove on Mount Timpanogos, Utah; Hal Rumel

An Appreciation of The Book of Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

WE live in a day when the concept of a divine Christ has been weakened in the minds and hearts of men and women. The utterances of Dr. Percy Stickney Grant show the strength of this movement:

> Christ was a wonderful man, a beautiful character. But to say a man born upon this earth, created by the power of God, had in himself the power of God is superstition. Very few clergymen who have been educated in the larger universities accept the idea that Jesus had the power of God . . . . I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Christ. He never said he was of divine origin, and I do not believe he was divinely conceived (*Chicago Tribune*, January 19, 1923).

This lessening of a belief in the divine Christ started to gather momentum in the seventeenth century deistic movement of England and Continental Europe. These deists robbed much of Christianity of its belief in sacred ordinances and of the concept of a divine Christ. In their minds Jesus was a great moral teacher, but he was not divine. The movement threatened to engulf Christianity, but, fortunately, great religious leaders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries stemmed the tide.

Then, in the nineteenth century, a movement known as higher criticism of the Bible, snake-like, coiled itself around the Protestant churches and squeezed the lifeblood of Christianity from them. All too many Protestant ministers refused to give obeisance to the concept of a divine Christ. Like the seventeenth century deists, they taught that Christ was a great moral teacher, but that he was not divine. The poet Robert Browning, in an effort to invalidate the claims that Christ was not divine, gave to Christians one of their most potent weapons. "This great moral teacher," Browning wrote, "proclaimed that he was divine, and a great moral teacher cannot lie."

Resulting from this decline of belief in a divine Christ, I feel that Christianity has lost much of its grip over the minds and hearts of men. The Gargantuan power that Protestant Christianity once held to make the Sermon on the Mount come to life in the deeds of men and women has been attenuated. Morality with the concept of a divine Christ can ascend to the very heights of God himself; morality without this belief remains forever on the plane of weak and puny man.

The failure of religious leaders in our day to activate the truths of religion in the lives of their adherents was aptly given by a learned American radio commentator who recently said, in substance:

> We have learned to speak into a microphone and have our words heard across a continent, but we have not learned how to speak from our hearts to our neighbors. We have learned how to wing ourselves

into the stratosphere, but we have not learned to approach heaven by activating the Sermon on the Mount in our lives. We have learned how to transform rock into fabrics of beauty, but we have not learned how to refine our base desires and appetites. We have learned how to live more comfortably, how to lengthen our span of life, but not how to live better.

Only an unalterable faith in the divine mission of Jesus Christ will make it possible for us to change this condition, to write every syllable of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount into deeds.

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century at a time when it was most needed, The Book of Mormon came forth out of the dust to reaffirm and to re-establish in the hearts and minds of men the concept of a divine Christ, and there has followed in the wake of those who have truly accepted its message a transfiguration of the gospel into their lives. Just as the tuning fork enables a singer to establish true tones, even so this divine concept helps us to harmonize our lives with the divine pattern. What the world needs today is the knowledge and the faith which The Book of Mormon can give, that Jesus is the veritable Son of the great God who holds this world in its orbit.

Alma, one of the greatest missionaries in the entire thousand-year period of Nephite civilization, said:

> But behold, the Spirit hath said this much unto me, saying: . . . And behold, he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God (Alma 7:9, 10).

In fulfillment of this Book of Mormon prophecy, Christ came and visited some of the lost sheep of the House of Israel. He was introduced to the multitude gathered around the temple in the land Bountiful by God, the Eternal Father, who said:

> Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased . . . hear ye him. . . . And it came to pass that he [Jesus] stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying: Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world. And behold, I am the light and life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world . . . (3 Nephi 11:7, 9-11).

And the book carries its own promise, which has been fulfilled to all who have met the requirements. Moroni makes the pledge, writing:

> And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things (Moroni 10:4-5).

I have learned to place much value on this great record of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. I read it first as a boy, read it at a time when I had absolute faith in its divinity, a faith that was poured into my boyish heart as I knelt in the folds of my mother's dresses, and as I sat in candle and lamplight by the old kitchen stove with my father. I have never lost that faith. I have read The Book of Mor-

mon again and again, pondering over its significant messages into the wee hours of the morning.

Wearied by intense mental effort, or by the cares and anxieties of life, I find that I can rebuild my whole mental outlook on life in an hour spent with such beautiful characters as the brother of Jared, Nephi, Benjamin, Alma, Mormon, and Moroni. To study The Book of Mormon is like enjoying cooling shade and refreshing water after a day spent in the parching sun.

I believe that it should be read and studied as a book, not by extracting parts here and there for examination, not piecemeal. The Relief Society course of study has been organized in such a way that it should encourage every member to read the book. The Book of Mormon is the text. The course will fail in its primary objective if members of the Relief Society do not read the entire book.

The New York Times Book Review of April 21, 1946, contained an article, "Books That Influenced America," written by David A. Randall. The article gives the list of the one hundred books which have most influenced American life and culture. The Book of Mormon is number thirty-eight on the list. The list was compiled by three Americans: Frederick B. Adams, Jr., Thomas W. Streeter, and Carrol A. Wilson, all business people and widely read New Englanders. It is now not only a religious duty of our Church membership to read The Book of Mormon, but it is a matter of culture to become familiar with the content of a book the influence of which has been rated so highly by men not of our faith.

In teaching the Book of Ether as a history of an ancient civilization, we ought to remember that it is a very fragmentary and incomplete history of a people who lived upon this continent from about 2247 B.C. to about 600 B.C., a period of sixteen hundred years. Only the most important events were recorded, and these in very brief form. In the case of the long reigns of certain kings, we have only a comment that they lived wickedly, and their people suffered.

Like all history, however, some valuable lessons can be gained from the reports. It is the pattern of history behind the facts that can serve as a monitor to us in our time, and lessons should be taught accordingly.

The Book of Ether has some unusually worthwhile messages for our generation, concepts on governmental reform through spiritual uplift, ideas on the art of bringing peace and happiness into our individual lives. It is so uplifting, so inspirational, that it is a must on the reading list of every sincere Latter-day Saint.

Faith

Ida Isaacson

I will not be hitched to the plow of ignorance
Nor sit under the tree of despair
As long as God will hear and answer prayer.

"Here Am I; Send Me"

A Tribute to Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve

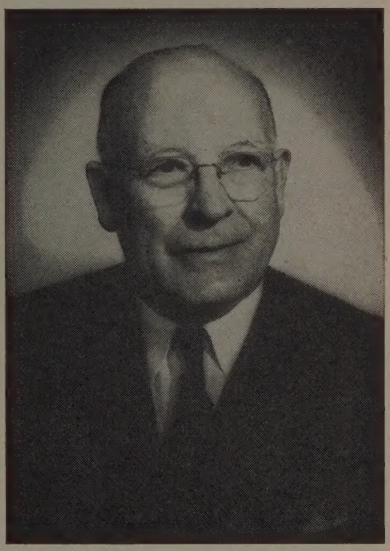
Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin

ISAIAH heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send . . . .?" and immediately the ancient prophet replied, "Here am I; send me." Isaiah's willing and unhesitant giving of himself to the work of the Lord has a remarkable parallel in the life of Elder LeGrand Richards, the newly appointed member of the Council of the Twelve.

Every call from those who preside over the Church is the word of the Lord to Elder Richards; it has been so since his early childhood. Always has his answer been, "Here am I; send me."

Four times a missionary, three times a ward bishop, a stake president, and for fourteen years the Presiding Bishop of the Church, head the list of his major calls to positions of great responsibility, preceding his call to the Council of the Twelve. The writer's impressions of Elder Richards, as a result of close and treasured association with him in the office of the Presiding Bishopric, are the general objectives and suggested limitations of this writing.

It would be impractical, if not impossible, to mention, in this brief overview, all of his superb qualities of leadership or to grade them one above the other. It is most unusual that any one man should possess so much inherent ability to be in full control of any situation needing his attention at any time.



ELDER LeGRAND RICHARDS

Bishop Richards adopted the "open door" policy at the outset of his administration as the Presiding Bishop. His office door was closed only when it was necessary to insure the privacy of council meetings and to guard confidential interviews. His warm welcome to anyone who wanted to see him for any reason is known in every corner of the Church.

The Presiding Bishop of the Church seems always under the urgent necessity of making decisions covering an area in Church procedure, the extent of which, very few really understand. Ever in the

midst of this almost continuous avalanche of problems calling for solutions, the judicious mind of Bishop LeGrand Richards invariably suggested the unerring answer. The size or the nature of the respective problems was of little consequence so far as his powers of solution were concerned. Problems imposing the necessity for wise decisions, never seem to be a burden to him; he considers them only as opportunities.

While the responsibilities of the Presiding Bishop have to do largely with the temporal affairs of the Church, there was always the warmth, depth, height, and breadth of unmeasurable spirituality brought to bear upon all matters coming under his direction. His associates could never lose sight of the fact that he wanted every council meeting, every act, every decision, influenced by love, fellowship, and a deep sense of spirituality. He held it to be essential that these virtues be in evidence even in the handling of the temporal affairs of the kingdom.

HIS mind is one of unusual versatility. His decisions are studied, but they are quick and accurate. He can be interrupted in the consideration of one problem and instantly recall the details of another, wholly unrelated, with the greatest of ease.

He can attract the unhesitating smile of a babe in arms. Little children delight to be near him. He exemplifies the attitude of Jesus, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Persons of all ages and on all intellectual levels are instantly at home in his presence. Becoming acquainted with him for the first time, seems but the renewal of an already established friendship.

Bishop Richards has but to indicate his desires to any who work under his direction, and through his ingenious powers of leadership he gets the very best efforts they have to offer.

His eagerness to always give credit to those who assist him in any way in the achievement of desired goals, sets him apart as one of the too few leaders who know how to inspire the unquestionable loyalties of associates without the slightest suggestion of command.

Tens of thousands who have come up through the quorums and groups of the Aaronic Priesthood, and who now bear the Aaronic Priesthood, have come to look upon Bishop Richards as a modern-day Aaron. As the Presiding Bishop, he was President of the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church. Under his forceful leadership, the Aaronic Priesthood program was brought to its highest level in history. His charge to stake and ward leaders has always been "If you will follow the program, there is no reason why you should lose a single boy."

His loyalty to the leadership of the Church is one of the most inspiring attributes in his character; it spreads its contagion over everyone who comes in contact with him. His loyalty to and defense of stake and ward leaders in the righteous discharge of their responsibilities are well known everywhere. Could it not be that his high sense of loyalty to others at-

ELDER LeGRAND RICHARDS AND HIS FAMILY

Front row (on floor), left to right: Roger Boyer; Tad Callister; Paula Callister; Richard Boyer; Douglas Callister.

Second row (on couch, being held), left to right: Scott Iverson; Alden L. Richards; Becky Richards; Charlotte Louise Richards.

Third row (seated on couch): Mrs. J. Grant Iverson (Mercedes Richards); Ina Jane Ashton Richards (wife of Elder LeGrand Richards); Elder LeGrand Richards; George Lamont Richards.

Third row (at left of couch): Janet Boyer; Alden R. Richards; (at right of couch): Clara Iverson; George LaMont Richards, Jr.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Mrs. Alden Richards (Laura Mae Penrose); Mrs. George LaMont Richards (Edna Fae Firmage); Reed E. Callister; Mrs. Reed E. Callister (Norinne Richards); J. Grant Iverson; Mrs. Harold Boyer (Marian Louise Richards); Harold Boyer; Richard Callister; Carolyn Boyer; David Callister.

Not included in this group picture are Mrs. J. Glen Dyer (Nona Richards) and her husband and three children, who live in Washington, D.C.

tracts the loyalty of others to him? He is not without the love and unqualified support of every true Latter-day Saint everywhere.

Kneeling with him in prayer at the beginning of each day's work, listening to humble petitions for inspiration and guidance, always gave one the feeling that the Lord was standing near; he could not be very far away. Innumerable personal experiences with Bishop Richards added evidence upon evidence that he was recognized as the Lord's chosen servant and that he was blessed and magnified in all his ministrations.

Absolute honesty, unbounded

faith, unfeigned humility, generosity in abundance, unlimited kindness, a deep and abiding love for all mankind; these help to complete the portrait of a leader we all love.

IT would be an unforgiveable oversight if attention were not directed to his beautiful, lovable wife who stands beside him now, as she has stood beside him in all calls made upon him. Sister Richards is loved and admired by all who know her. In any hour of discouragement or disappointment, as well as in all hours of rejoicing, her inspiration and unqualified support have been a source of great strength to him.

His labors are not finished; his work is not done. We look up to him now as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. God called, through his anointed servants, and Elder Richards answered, as did Isaiah of old, "Here am I; send me." He is now a special witness to all the world that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world; that the Father and the Son appeared to the boy Joseph Smith, who became the instrument through whom the Lord restored the gospel and established the Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth.

Qualified in character, experience, and knowledge of the gospel, Elder Richards will become a mighty instrument in proclaiming Jesus Christ and him crucified to the world.

His attitude is best expressed in the words of a beautiful hymn:

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

We honor this servant of the Master, advocate and defender of the faith, good Samaritan, friend of man, apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ. The Lord bless him, the Lord keep him. May we who follow always answer the call of the Lord, as he has done from his earliest youth, "Here am I; send me."

* * * *

When the Lord sent his servants out in this day, he told them they were not going to be taught of men, but to teach that which he would give unto them by the power of the Holy Ghost. I do not know very much about the philosophies of men, but I know that God created the feelings of the human heart, and the human soul, and I know that God has a way of bringing joy and happiness into the souls of men, when they seek after him, and when they enjoy the gift of the Holy Ghost, far beyond anything that men can purchase with their money.

—From the first conference message of Elder LeGrand Richards following his appointment as a member of the Council of the Twelve, Sunday afternoon, April 6, 1952

The Church Sustains a New Presiding Bishopric

Elder LeGrand Richards
Of the Council of the Twelve

THE NEW PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin, center; First Counselor Thorpe B. Isaacson, left; Second Counselor Carl W. Buehner, right.

DURING the closing session of the 122d annual general conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held April 6th, 1952, Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin was sustained by the saints as the eighth Presiding Bishop of the Church. Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson was sustained as first counselor, and Bishop Carl W. Buehner as second counselor in the new Presiding Bishopric.

Bishop Wirthlin comes to his new position exceptionally well pre-

pared. He served eight years as second counselor and six years as first counselor to former Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards. During these years of faithful and devoted service, he has become familiar with all the responsibilities that will now rest upon him. He has visited most of the stakes of Zion, and some of the missions, and, therefore, enjoys a wide acquaintance with the members of the Church to whom he has greatly endeared himself.

Bishop Wirthlin's activities and positions of responsibility, before becoming a member of the Presiding Bishopric, included a mission to the Swiss-German and Central States Missions; bishop of the Thirty-third (Salt Lake City) Ward; and president of the Bonneville (Utah) Stake.

He had much to do in formulating the Church Welfare Program which had its origin during the depression of the early nineteen thirties.

In the division of responsibilities among the members of the Presiding Bishopric, Bishop Wirthlin had special direction of ward teaching throughout the Church. For years, he was adviser to the General Church Welfare Committee; Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Hospital; Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital. He was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Deseret Gymnasium; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the McCune School of Music and Art; member of the Board of Directors of the Deseret Book Company; Secretary of the Society for the Aid to the Sightless; and, since the death of Bishop Marvin O. Ashton, has directed the Washaki Indian Project and farms. Bishop Wirthlin has directed the Cochran and Knight ranches owned by the Church in Canada.

He has been associated with Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve, in supervising and directing the operation of Church-owned lands in the states of Florida and California. His contribution of leadership to these projects has been very profitable to the Church. He represents the Church as a director of the Farmers and Growers Market; KSL Radio Station, and KID Radio Station at Idaho Falls, Idaho. In addition to these many responsibilities, he has had other important assignments within the office of the Presiding Bishopric, such as: member of the Church Committee on Expenditures; Church Budget Committee; Church Personnel Committee; supervision of office management within the Presiding Bishopric's Office.

WHEN the above list of assignments to one member of the Presiding Bishopric is considered as being only one third of the major responsibilities shared by the Presiding Bishop and his counselors, it can be appreciated that Bishop Wirthlin will need the faith and prayers of the saints to sustain him as he assumes his responsibilities as the Presiding Bishop, which include the overall supervision of all the duties and responsibilities of the Presiding Bishopric.

With the call to the office of Presiding Bishop, there will come to

Bishop Wirthlin the great honor and privilege of presiding over the Aaronic Priesthood of the entire Church. He is admirably qualified to lead the young men of the Church in the discharge of their Aaronic Priesthood responsibilities.

Bishop Wirthlin has great faith; he loves the Lord and the Church; he loves the saints. He has wielded a great influence for good with the young people of the Church. He is loyal to the General Authorities. He is a hard worker; he moves with dispatch; he makes quick and sound decisions.

Bishop Wirthlin is sustained by his wife, Madeline Bitner Wirthlin, who is a devoted and true Latter-day Saint, and an accomplished executive in her own right. Their children number three sons and two daughters. His outstanding family is a source of great strength and humble pride.

BISHOP Thorpe B. Isaacson has already brought inspired and efficient leadership to the Presiding Bishopric during the five and a half years he served as second counselor previous to his recent appointment as first counselor.

One of our first contacts with Bishop Isaacson was when his only son was stricken with polio and was in an iron lung in the hospital. He and his good wife came to the office of the Presiding Bishopric and invited the Bishopric to kneel with them in prayer in their son's behalf. Bishop Isaacson promised the Lord that if he would but spare his son's life, there would be nothing the Lord could ask him to do that he would not be willing to do. The Lord acknowledged the faith of his servant, and his wife: their son was healed.

When President George Albert Smith asked whether he would be willing to serve as a member of the Presiding Bishopric, he replied: "Yes, but I would like an opportunity to go East and see if the officials of the company I represent will let me appoint a manager for my business, to conserve for myself the result of many years of hard work I have spent in building the business. However, if they will not permit such an arrangement, I will tell them to take the business." He had no intention of breaking his promise with the Lord no matter what it cost.

To Bishop Isaacson, as a member of the Presiding Bishopric, have come many important assignments, such as: Supervision of the Tabernacle block buildings and grounds; supervision of buildings and grounds of the Church Offices; representative of the General Authorities with the Tabernacle Choir; Adviser to the Primary Children's Hospital Board; Adviser to the Relief Society Social Welfare Department; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Logan L.D.S. Hospital; member of the Board of Directors of the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital; member of the Executive Committee and Board of Directors of Zion's Securities Corporation; member of the Board of Directors of the Hotel Utah; and many other assignments within the Presiding Bishopric's office in connection with maintenance of Church buildings throughout the Church, including the beautification and landscaping programs and furnishing of new buildings; member of the Church Appropriations Com-

mittee. He is also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College.

Bishop Isaacson married Lulu Maughan Jones of Wellsville, Utah, a charming lady and a devoted Latter-day Saint. They have one son and one daughter, both of whom they and the Church can justly be proud.

ALL who know of the faith and sterling qualities of Carl W. Buehner, feel that a very wise choice was made in his call to serve as second counselor to Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin. The Lord always seems to have some good man in training for important work to be done. Bishop Buehner served successively as second counselor, first counselor, and bishop of the Forest Dale (Salt Lake City) Ward; member of the Granite Stake High Council; and successively as second counselor, first counselor, and president of the Granite Stake; chairman of the Salt Lake Welfare Region; and, at the time of his appointment to the Presiding Bishopric, was a member of the General Church Welfare Committee. As president of the Granite Stake, his work with the Aaronic Priesthood and girls of the same age was unusually successful. He has a deep feeling of understanding and love for young people and their activities. Speaking of youth activities, he achieved eleven letters in high schools sports.

Following in the footsteps of their father, Bishop Buehner and his brothers have established a prosperous business in Salt Lake City, manufacturing building blocks, cast stone, etc. Bishop Buehner's company furnished the cast stone for the Idaho Falls Temple.

Bishop Buehner's parents were converts to the Church, emigrating to Zion from Germany, when Carl was only two years old. His rise to success in business and to become one of the General Authorities, demonstrates that the door of opportunity is open to all here in this land of freedom and also in the Church.

In 1922, Bishop Buehner married Lucile Thurman who has the faith to sustain her husband, and the natural grace and charm to take her rightful place among the wives of the General Authorities. They are the parents of three daughters and one son.

* * *

The apostle Paul, when defining the responsibilities of a bishop, wrote that he should be, "One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)"

In this respect, all three members of the new Presiding Bishopric are an example to all bishops and to the entire membership of the Church. All three of them have wonderful families who are supporting them in their sacred ministry.

May the membership of the Church sustain these humble servants of the Lord with their faith and prayers as they function in the responsibilities of their high offices in the Presiding Bishopric.

Contest Announcements—1952

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, and 1951.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1952. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$25
Second prize	$20
Third prize	$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

   a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
   b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
   c. That it has never been published.
   d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.

e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1952.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1952 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1952.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1953. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted *certifying*:

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1952.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Creation of Poetry

*Margery S. Stewart**

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful waters 'round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.
—William Brighty Rands, from *The Child's World*

THIS was the first poem that impinged itself on my consciousness. I remember myself, a child of six, singing the lines over and over, sending my own gladness of being alive and my wonder of all I saw around me out into the air. In that poem I had found a channel that would let me pour some of what I felt back into the world. This little poem seemed to connect me in some way with the mysterious life around me.

Since then I have searched for poems that connected my thoughts and emotions with those of others who have gone before or are contemporary with me. It is the inner person who seeks wistfully for signposts on the journey of his days. This is one reason for the popularity of many poems which the intellectual world discards as trite or didactic.

My point is this, in a world of many needs, there is a place for many poets and poems. The child needs a singing poem to feed his small, growing mind. The youth needs a poet who is strong and courageous and adventurous to answer his own impetuous spirit and his struggles. The mother needs poems to give back to her facets

*Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, author of short stories, serials, and poems, is well known to readers of the *Magazine*. She was winner of the first prize in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1947, and winner of the third prize in 1952. Her poem "The Broken Day" placed third in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1950. Mrs. Stewart's poems have also appeared in many other publications, including *Good Housekeeping Magazine* and *Ladies Home Journal*.

of the life she is living, to show beauty and heroism and wonder in the simple, often monotonous, deeds of her day. The mature man feeds his mind with stronger and richer fare, lest his mental faculties atrophy and he is left to wander miserably in the morass of materialism.

There must be poems for laughter and there must be poems to breathe upon a grieving heart an understanding of sorrow and a compassion for weakness. Some poets would rather write a song that a child will love and cherish all his childhood than a brilliant epic.

Yet, on the other hand, the mental giants who pioneer the new plains of the mind, and the unknown realms of poetry, bring back treasure that cannot be measured. Poetry would grow increasingly less in importance and power and beauty if it were not for the truly great, who with courage and perseverance, forge out of their own experiences and their own observations, poetry that is life as they see it. However, among other points to remember, there is one observation that every lover of poetry should consider when reading such poetry or writing it—*is it truth?* A true picture of life may accomplish much good, but a poem that arouses the baser emotions is not a great poem, however highly it may be praised by critics.

Judges of poetry contests are kind to poems that are original, that express true emotion, that create a picture of beauty or present a new facet on an old subject. But there is one type of poem few poetry critics can endure—that is the *devised* poem.

A devised poem is, to my way of thinking, one in which the writer consciously creates.

"I will now write a poem," says Nora Lee, "on flowers. Yes, on flowers, because I have read so many pretty flower poems, or on mountains, or on the West."

So Nora Lee sits down and consciously creates a poem on flowers, or mountains, or the wide-open West. She feels no emotion toward roses. She is not moved within by the memory of a field of daffodils, as was Wordsworth. But she writes a poem on flowers, and tells the world flowers are lovely, which the world already knows. Nor is she caught up in the intricacies of creation. She does not love her poem enough to create singing phrases, or different rhyme endings. "Moon and June have been good enough for a great many years," says Nora Lee, "so they must still be adequate." They are not, though once the combination of the two words must have been exciting to the eye and the mind. Such trite combinations bring nothing but a groan to the modern reader, especially one who has been feeding his poetic spirit with the exquisite rhymings of accomplished masters of poetic technique.

Just as one cannot create a perfect dress or suit without much practice in sewing and an artistic eye for color and line, one cannot create a poem without much study, much thought, and much travail of the spirit.

"As a man thinketh in his heart," said Jesus, "so is he." Out of the thoughts the world is thinking today, come the great billowing clouds of blackness, the evils, the

fear, the cruelty, and hatred. How important it is for all Latter-day Saint writers to send forth those thoughts that will heal and bless and enlighten suffering mankind.

A Latter-day Saint woman who is a poet today has a far greater responsibility laid upon her than merely to express herself. She must be actively engaged in bringing before the world, beauty, compassion, courage, generosity, kindness. Not in preaching. That is not the poet's sphere. But in holding, always, the lighted candle of truth and love. It is no easy task. She must have courage enough to light that candle again and again. She must be strong enough to conquer the enemies of her own mind and soul. She must have the courage to present the truth, though she is threatened on every hand by the enemies of truth. She must be willing to spend hours clothing her thoughts in beautiful and gracious garments so they will find a place in the hearts of men. She must be brave enough to see them cast out and forgotten, willing to do it all over again, taking for her payment not money, but someone saying, "I was in desperate trouble, and I read your poem and it helped me, made me stronger."

Let the poet beware whom he takes for his guide. For in this restless and confused day, literary standards are set up and cast down all within a year or two. In these shifting sands, it behooves the writer to remember the words of another poet who cried:

. . . to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act 1, scene 3.

BOOKS TO STUDY

HAMILTON, ANNE: *How to Revise Your Own Poems*, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. ($1.50).

HILLYER, ROBERT: *First Principles of Verse*, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. ($2.00).

WOOD, CLEMENT: *Art and Technique of Writing Poetry*, Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio ($2.50).

ZILLMAN, LAWRENCE J.: *Writing Your Poem*, Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York City ($2.75).

Wind in the Pine Trees

Pansye H. Powell

Wind in the pine trees
Sighing, sighing,
How can I sing
When your voice is crying?

Wind in the pine trees
Singing, singing,
How can I weep
To your melody's winging?

Mountain Cabin

Beatrice K. Ekman

I climb the hill on the alpine trail
Where the aspens grow;
The shadows are long on slope and swale
Far down below.

I climb the hill to the mountain crest;
The night draws near,
The sun is lost in the purple west—
The stars appear.

Basic Recipe for a Short Story

*Martha Robeson Wright**

LET us say that writing a story is, in a way, like making a cake. There are hundreds of varieties. We each have our own preference, and we can make some kinds better than others.

But there are certain basic ingredients that must be put into *all* cakes. If you leave out just one, the cake is a failure. It isn't a real cake. It falls flat, or is soggy, or full of holes. If you're not proud, you can cover it with a thick, rich icing and try to get your family to think it's a cake. Or you can throw it in the garbage can, and make a new one.

Sometimes, a story is "iced" with beautiful writing, which makes the reader think for a minute that a story is there. Unlike the cake icing, it hasn't been done intentionally. The writer has written so easily that she herself doesn't realize her failure. I'm not saying a story must not be well written. The best story in the world will not be successful unless it is fairly well written. But too often the writer thinks a lot of beautiful words strung together make a story.

The difference between making a cake and a story is: once your cake is baked you can't put in the missing ingredients. With a story, you have another chance.

So, before you make your final copy, go over your story and see if you have put everything in that the basic recipe calls for.

1. *Problem*

Does your story have a problem? In other words, is your main character in some difficulty? And what is most important—is that difficulty solved by the main character? If you don't have this, you do not have a story. This applies to all types of stories, from a simple preschool age juvenile to the most complicated adult one. For life is full of problems for us from the time we are born until the day we die. They can be as simple as a child trying to overcome the fear of learning to walk. But, large or small, *the problem must be solved in a story.* It doesn't have to be physical action. It can be mental, emotional, intellectual.

For example, let's imagine you have written a story of a man who wants friends. He can't understand why people aren't friendly. That is his *problem.* He doesn't realize, at first, the real reason is that he tries to force friendship by

*Martha Robeson Wright, Ogden, Utah, is the author of eight excellent short stories which have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Hoops for Amanda" (July 1939); "A Pinch of Dust Is a Dollar" (August 1941); "Give Thanks for What?" (October 1942); "Ten Miles to Calico" (May 1945); "The Scar" (April 1946); "Dinner at Nora's" (November 1945); "As You Were" (November 1946). Her stories have also been published by many of the large-circulation women's magazines in the United States and in Canada. A member of the "Blue Quill" writers group of Ogden, and a member of the League of Utah Writers, Mrs. Wright is a gifted author and well qualified to give advice on the technique of the short story.

bragging about his superiority and achievements. He honestly believes the fault is in others, and he is going to break down that resistance some way. He must solve that problem.

2. *The Theme*

What theme does your story have? What is your story trying to say? What does it prove? Does the reader feel that the story has some significance? Using the same example as above, the theme would be: If you want friends you must be friendly; you can't force friendship; actions speak louder than words.

If you don't have a theme, your story hasn't proved anything, except that something is missing. *But do not preach.* Do not point out, as the author, what you are proving. It must be implied by the actions and thoughts and words of the main character and what he learns for himself. A reader appreciates being allowed to draw his own conclusions, without any explanation or expository writing. If you feel you must explain, exhort, and point out, don't write stories. Write essays.

3. *Motivation*

This is the *reason* the main character tries to get himself out of the difficulties he is in. Using again, the bragging man: His motivation is a desire for friends. He longs hungrily for them. That gives him the impetus to solve his problem.

4. *Crisis*

Your main character must reach a place where he *has* to make a decision, one way or the other. It is the high point of your story, toward which you have been working. That main character must come to the place where he stands at a crossroads and must choose which way he will go. What is he going to do? Does he want friends or doesn't he? Will he see himself as others see him, or will he keep on boosting his own ego? By this time, the reader must be eager to learn the outcome.

5. *Climax*

This is the answer. The climax is when he makes his choice. And how he does that will depend upon the way you have built his character from the beginning. But you cannot leave him hanging in the air. He must decide.

You can have him astute enough to realize, from something that takes place, why he lacks friends, and decide he is going to change his ways—or at least attempt it. (Now, mind you, he can actually be all the things he brags about.) But it's his personality that is at fault. We do not like to be forced into friendship. We want the privilege of judging for ourselves. So once the man shows us that he has learned something of this, we like him.

Or, you could have him say to himself, "People aren't friendly to me because they are so jealous of my abilities and accomplishments. I'll never find anyone up to my intellectual level with whom I can be compatible. So, I don't care whether they like me or not. I'll go on my way alone."

But, either way, *he has solved his problem.*

6. *Emotion*

"Fiction," a well-known writer of books on writing, has said, "is the art of making your readers feel emotion." And I agree. If you leave this out, your story will fall flat. Like a cake without baking powder. The reader must feel something for the struggle of the main character, whether it be love, sorrow, pity, hate, disgust, or admiration. And above all, the reader must be able to *understand* why he acts the way he does.

7. *Characterization*

Have you made your characters seem like real people? Does the reader get a clear picture of each individual, or do they all talk alike? Each one should have certain traits of action, or speech, or mannerisms that set him apart from the others. It can be done with just a word or two. What they say and how they act will tell the reader what they are.

8. *Viewpoint*

A lot of the strength of your story depends on whose viewpoint the reader sees. Most stories are told in third person because that is the easiest way to get into the minds and hearts of the characters. And, as a general rule, it is best to tell the story *through the eyes of the main character*, and keep that viewpoint throughout the story.

Sometimes, a viewpoint is changed in a story, but it isn't the wisest thing to do. It takes a professional writer to do it well enough not to break the interest of the reader.

9. *Dramatization*

In other words, have you *shown* what happens in your story in scenes, or have you told about it? You don't need many scenes, and you can bridge them with transitory sentences to shorten and take care of the time element. For instance, you could say, "All the next day he kept away from the office. But he had to appear there sometime. So he went down on Thursday." Then your next scene would be in the office, dramatizing the action that takes place. By dramatizing, you know, of course, I don't mean a big to-do and rushing around. It can be a quiet scene. But your character should act it out, rather than you tell about it.

Appearance of the Manuscript

I am putting these directions in at the suggestion of a friend of mine who has read many manuscripts of new writers who did not know how to prepare a story to send to an editor or to enter in a contest. And those who have been initiated will not need to read this paragraph.

It will be advantageous for an author entering the contest to know the general rules for preparing manuscripts, as well as the specific directions which apply to manuscripts entered in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. A manuscript is the personal representative of the author, and it should be as neat and clean as the author would be if she were to appear before an editor or before the contest judges. The paper used should be white, in regulation 8 1/2 inches by 11 inches size, and it should be thick enough so that the typing doesn't show through from the page be-

neath. The typewriter ribbon should be new enough so that the type can be read easily without strain on the tired eyes of the editor and the contest judges. There should be at least a one-inch margain on the left-hand side of the paper and three-fourths of an inch margin on the right hand side. For manuscripts not submitted in contests, the name and address of the author should appear in the upper left-hand corner of the manuscript, but the rules of this contest require that the author's name should not appear on the manuscript. The number of words contained in the story should be written in the upper right-hand corner of the first page. The title of the story should be centered about a third of the way down on the first page, and the next page and all continuing pages should have the title of the story and the page number written about one inch down from the top of the page in the upper left-hand corner. This designation and numbering of pages is necessary because pages may become lost or misplaced in the handling of the manuscript. An author should always retain a carbon copy of her story and keep it in her files for reference.

These Relief Society contests always bring in excellent stories, and the competition is so keen that the judges have a difficult time choosing the best ones. Here's hoping yours will be among them.

Summerward

Maryhale Woolsey

June is a highway winding into summer,
As measured miles we tread its golden days,
Guided by spires of blue-delphinium hours
That stand like signposts down a warm green maze.
Rosepetal moments curve to dreaming vistas
Of summertime's serenely waiting land,
And evening skies hold up a star-set compass
To point the heights where tallest days will stand.

Move gently, Spring—that we may hold each lovely
And transient beauty heart-close; let us learn
Beyond forgetting, June's ascendant highroad . . .
Summerward leading, mapped for no return.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TEMPERANCE: "Let your moderation be known unto all men," was the exhortation of the apostle Paul; and there has never been a time in the world's history when such an exhortation was more needed than the present, because intemperance in many things has become so common that it is almost the author of all the evils from which we suffer. . . . Then how much sin and sorrow is caused by intemperance in speech. The apostle James says the tongue is an unruly member, hard to tame. . . . We should also be temperate . . . and not allow angry feelings to take possession of us. If we could only remember at all times that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and could so exercise sufficient self-control to return a soft answer when angry words are spoken.—Phebe C. Young.

WHAT SOME WOMEN HAVE DONE: It is a matter of history that 320 years B.C. Martia, Queen of London, first promulgated the principles of the English Common Law in her judgments and enactments. Her Martian Statutes or Code outlived the Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Norse invasions, and we have it on good authority that Alfred the Great revived her Briton laws and enforced them among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes. Two centuries later they were re-enacted under Edward the Confessor, and a century after, again by Stephen—therefore the earliest laws of Great Britain which in substance have been in force 2,200 years, were made by a woman.

—From "Women's Reports"

WILD FLOWERS TO SARAH

Heart's beloved! to you I send
Greetings from the canyon's shade,
Gathered where the branches bend
And streams with light o'erlaid;
Where the birds in sweetest chorus
Sing their message with my heart,
And the flowers breathe their kisses
In sweet odors for their part.

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

SAN JUAN STAKE: Monday night the 11th of April, in company with Pres. A. F. Hammond, Sister Elizabeth Howard and Mary A. Freeze, left the City by way of the D. & R. G. R. R. to visit San Juan Stake . . . reached Thompson's Springs the following morning, where a carriage was in waiting to take us to Moab, arriving at that place about 4 P.M. We held meetings the next day at ten A.M. with the Relief Society . . . and remained there until the next morning, when Brother Holyoak and wife went with us on our way having fitted out a team with every convenience for travel. . . . We traveled over fearful gulches and dugways, finally coming to a lovely place, very grand, we camped for the night, made a great fire of pine trees, prepared supper and after singing and prayer—we retired, slept well in the open air and felt refreshed . . . rose early in the morning . . . that day we passed between the La Salle and Blue Mountains, far apart, and arrived at Monticello at five P.M.

—Elizabeth Howard

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

A gem for your scrapbook is the address of Mrs. David O. (Emma Ray) McKay to the Brigham Young University Women, "Attitudes Towards Peace as Fostered in a Well-Directed Home," printed in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*, April 16. Mrs. McKay stressed the importance of relations between the parents, between parents and children, and among the children themselves. Dwelling on the need for courtesy as well as character in the home, she recalled the mutual consideration and the low-voiced but respected mother in the early home of her husband's family.

RELIEF Society Magazine contributors and other Utah writers won a lion's share of awards in the various contests featured at the biennial convention of the more than 150 branches of the National League of American Pen Women held in Washington, D. C. in April. Three first places were won by Olive Woolley Burt. Blanche Kendall McKey, Sylvia Pezoldt, and Carrie Midgley, each won a first place. Winning second place awards, were Renie H. Littlewood and Sylvia Pezoldt. Erla Young's art work won fourth place in over-all contributions to juvenile literature. The Utah Pen Women President, Ruth H. Chadwick, tied for third place for the greatest number of new state chapters installed. Mrs. Chadwick had been invited to present a pageant for children's literature, and wrote one illustrating the purpose of the *Children's Friend*, and dramatizing three stories from its pages.

WELL deserved indeed by Mrs. Milton (Cora Lindsay) Bennion is the honor of being chosen Utah Mother of the Year. Mother of ten children—seven of them living, all outstanding persons, Mrs. Bennion has always been admired for her combination of a sweet, womanly personality with high intelligence and quiet efficiency. In the home of Mrs. Bennion and her husband, formerly Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah, outstanding characteristics are: frugality, affection, respect for the rights of the individual, and a variety of activities. Mrs. Bennion was a member of the general board of Relief Society for nineteen years.

A woman's heroism stirred the hearts of a nation when, after the crash of a DC-4, the burned body of a stewardess, with that of a four-month-old infant, was found in the aisle. Frances Housley, twenty-four, had opened the door, advised calmness among the passengers, and then instead of escaping herself, had turned back into the flaming cabin to rescue a baby.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 JUNE 1952 NO. 6

The 122d Annual Church Conference

THE 122d annual general conference of the Church was an inspirational occasion to the tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who crowded into Salt Lake City on April 4, 5, and 6, 1952. The experience of one convert sister was typical of the faithful. She reached the Tabernacle on Sunday morning at 6:00 o'clock so as to be assured of the privilege of being present at the proceedings of that day. Her physical body went without food all day, but her spiritual body partook of a feast.

The sustaining of Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of the Twelve, occasioned by the recent death of Brother Joseph F. Merrill, was joyful news to the saints at home and abroad where his great missionary work is known and appreciated. Likewise pleasing to the saints was the naming of Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin as Presiding Bishop, with Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson sustained as first counselor and Brother Carl W. Buehner called to be second counselor.

President David O. McKay presided and conducted the sessions of the conference; and the admonitions and advice to the saints of their Prophet, Seer, and Revelator were attentively heard and humbly and gratefully received. In his opening remarks President McKay gave short statements showing the achievements of the Priesthood, the auxiliaries, and the genealogical work. He also sounded a warning on the efforts in the world "to deprive man of his free agency—to steal from the individual his liberty." He continued, "Next to life itself free agency is the greatest gift of God to man." Another cause of apprehension he voiced was, "the threatening upset in national standards, the increasing tendency to abandon ideals that constitute the foundation of the American home." To counteract these evils, he advised officers and teachers in the Church to do as Paul exhorted: "Preach the word; be instant—that is, eager, earnest—in season and out of season." The Word to be preached, President McKay declared, is:

> . . . the gospel plan of salvation . . . . Preach in season and out of season belief in God the Eternal Father, in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost . . . . Second: Latter-day Saints proclaim that fundamental in this gospel plan is the sacredness of the individual . . . . Third: Preach that the plan involves the belief that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man. Man was not born for the benefit of the State . . . . Fourth: Preach the sacredness of family ties . . . . Fifth: Proclaim the necessity of honesty and loyalty . . . . Preach that honesty in government is essential to the perpetuation and stability of our government as it is necessary to the stability of character in the individual.

In President McKay's closing message at the conference he exhorted the saints of the United

States to be more loyal to their country, saying:

> This is an election year. Upon you devolves the responsibility of choosing our servants in government, for whoever is elected to preside over this country as President, as senators, members of the House of Representatives are your servants, not your rulers. And do not be slothful on the day of election, but come out and exercise your right and privilege as a citizen of this great Republic. What doth it profit though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Here we should prove ourselves loyal citizens.

The address of President Stephen L Richards, which depicted the history of the Tabernacle, found an echoing response in the hearts of Latter-day Saints to whom the Tabernacle is a hallowed building. President Richards declared that the Tabernacle is:

> The place where the authorized servants of our Lord are sustained and confirmed by the voice of the people. Here in this venerated Tabernacle has every President of the Church, save only one, been upheld as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From here has gone forth the law out of Zion, and the blessings, the love and compassion of the servants of the Lord for his children.

President Clark warned and plead with the saints against rationalizing the gospel:

> I hope that the people will not listen to the rationalizing of men who undertake to make God's plan conform to what they think it should be in their weak and ineffective reasonings.

After citing modern scriptures which answer the questions: Where did we come from? Why are we here? Whither do we go? President Clark twice urged the saints to read sections 76 and 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants to "see what the Lord has laid up for us when we live the principles of the gospel."

President Clark solemnly affirmed:

> Those who have followed him [Joseph Smith] in his high and great calling of President of the Church and the Presiding High Priest of the Church, have the same rights, the same privileges, the same authority which he held, even from Joseph's time down to President McKay, who holds those rights, exercises those functions, possesses all of the spiritual powers of the Priesthood which Joseph had, and that this Church will continue to go forward, that those who follow President McKay will enjoy the like privileges, the like authority, and exercise the like functions. There is no doubt about this . . . and if we could just take this into our hearts and understand it, make it part of ourselves . . . the power of this people would be unlimited.

Obedience to the exhortations of the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve, and the other General Authorities is expected of all Latter-day Saints. Many were the warnings and admonitions given to uphold and obey the words of the prophets of this day and to sustain them by word and act. The thousands who saw and listened to the proceedings over the radio and KSL-TV attest to the fulfilling of the prophecy of Daniel that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands will stand forever and will yet fill the whole earth. May Latter-day Saints living now be found among the faithful of that day through obedience to the words of the prophets given to them in the great conferences of the Church. —M. C. S.

Adventure in Glass

1—Beginnings in the Old World

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

Adventure keeps an endless tryst with skill
Upon this thin-blown vase of ancient glass,
Where dreams are crystal leaves no frost shall kill,
Though springtime fade, a thousand summers pass.

"I hope," someone said to me recently, "that you will never be bitten by the Old Glass Bug. If you ever are, you'll be sorry."

I merely smiled. I had been bitten, and I was not sorry.

The world of glass is fascinating. It is a world in which accidental discovery, planned experiment, failure and success have combined to produce factors which make modern living possible. To stand even at the threshold of the world of glass is to become aware of the great part it has played in the cultural and industrial development of man. One need only to visualize living without glass for the microscope, telescope, spectacles, windowpanes, mirrors, and the various household utensils and apparatus for scientific research, to realize this fact.

Though the scientist would probably place ornamental glass and tableware at the bottom of the list of glass contributions, in all ages these wares have represented the artistic zenith of the glassmaker's art. Treasured for their color, beauty of form, and decoration, these possessions have often opened the door to this world of usefulness and beauty.

It was at this door of ornamental glass that I met the Old Glass Bug—through a little dish, pale blue and satiny smooth. It had been given to my mother at her wedding over seventy years ago, and I had admired it since childhood.

Now, having learned something of the history of glass and how to identify many of the types and patterns used by our early glassmakers, new value is placed upon the Ashburton goblet grandmother carried across the plains. It is no longer merely a piece of old glass. The Baltimore pear sugar bowl can never again be just an old-fashioned dish. Through a pair of Bristol vases, imagination bridges space and time, carrying me back to the land of my ancestors.

The purpose of these articles is not to emphasize "collecting," but to stimulate appreciation for these interesting old pieces which we already have—pieces which were, formerly at least, to be found in practically every household.

In order to really enjoy these articles we must know something about the history and art of glassmaking, which will take us back through the centuries and into far countries, for there is in the form and technique of making glass a thread of continuity reaching from antiquity to the present.

THE making of artificial glass is an ancient craft, although when and where it originated is uncertain. A large glass ball-bead made about 1500 B.C. was found at Thebes, in Egypt, and there are those who give a much earlier date for primitive glassmaking in Mesopotamia. An old and familiar legend told by the historian Pliny states that the first glass was produced accidentally by Phoenician sailors camped on the Syrian coast. Syria was the home of a high degree of culture before the ascendancy of Rome or Alexandria, and it is thought by some authorities that Syrian methods of glassmaking were carried into upper Egypt by Syrian craftsmen. As Egypt went her conquering way among the nations of the ancient world, she showed a great respect for the arts of her captives, absorbing them into her own culture.

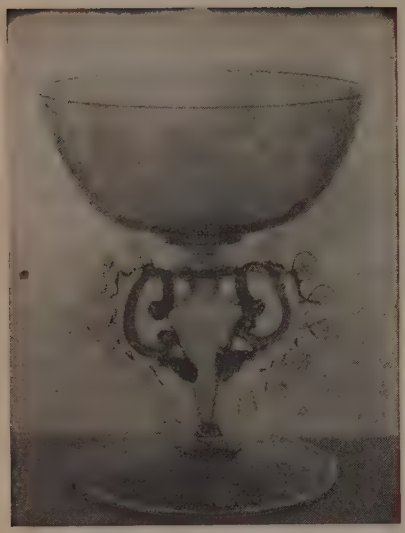
The Egyptians seem to have used colored glass first as gems, probably on a parity with natural gems, and it was there that the use of mosaic later reached a perfection never since surpassed. Whether to Egypt, or Syria, or elsewhere, belongs the honor, it is certain that craftsmen in both countries became adept, at an early date, in making objects of glass.

While the Chinese were early masters of the potter's art, producing excellent porcelain, they paid very little attention to the making of glass. Persia did not acquire an early understanding of glass culture, although she may have been the first to use gold in decorating her fragile blue ware. In Greece, during the Golden Age of Pericles, glassmaking was closely allied to architecture, and some Athenian houses had glass floors, ceilings, and side panelings.

The Romans, who were for a time content to import their glass from Syria and Egypt, had by the first century A.D. not only become manufacturers, but had achieved a skill which has perhaps never been surpassed. They developed a clear glass and became experts, mastering nearly every form of cutting, including the cameo method. They used all colors except ruby. Glass articles were in common use. Houses had glass windowpanes; beautifully ornamented glass service appeared on their tables. According to Pliny, glass drinking vessels were more popular than those made of silver or gold.

The art of glassmaking was greatly influenced by the division of the Roman Empire in the fourth century, A.D., as were the other arts. In the Eastern Empire the making of fine wares continued, but in the West glass of all kinds became a luxury. The spread of the barbarians throughout Europe did not entirely extinguish the art of glass blowing, but before the end of the fifth century A.D., when the division of the Empire was complete, glasshouses (small glass factories) existed only in isolated spots. Glassmakers retreated to the forests, making chiefly green glass (bottle glass, we call it today) drinking vessels, instead of the righly ornamented and expertly blown glass of previous years.

IT was not until nearly one thousand years later that many of the techniques of glass blowing and



The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City

CLEAR GLASS GOBLET WITH
PALE BLUE WINGS
(Venetian) Sixteenth Century

decoration lost during the Dark Ages were "rediscovered." Though Venice was not the only Italian city to make fine glass, it figured prominently in this renewal of the glassmaking art and became the most famous. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the "noble gentlemen" of Venice moved their glasshouses to the island of Murano, separated from the mainland by a strip of sea, in an effort to prevent the trade secrets of glassmaking from becoming known.

The very term "Venetian Glass" brings to the mind those lovely fragile objects with which we are familiar, gay ornaments decorated with sea horses, dragon wings, and flowers, though the Venetians also made mosaic, mirror glass, and myriads of artificial pearls and fantastic forms. Every shade of color seen in sunset or morning clouds found expression in the delicate wares made by Venetian glassblowers. Their models were copied everywhere, and today the modern Persian glass varies very little from Venetian glass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Venetian glass is noted for its lightness and fragility. It was never cut, although some varieties were enameled, marbled, and frosted. Its appeal to the lover of beauty is to be found in its exquisite colors and fantastically rare forms. The

The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City

ROEMER OF GREEN GLASS
Decorated in Gold, With Touches
of Red Enamel
(Germany) About 1608

Venetian lace glass (latticino, in which fine threads of opaque white glass appear in the body of the glass) was never quite equalled by others.

Finally, in the sixteenth century, the nobility of Europe who had been importing Venetian wares, decided to sponsor the production of glass at home. In France, the Lowlands, and in England, to some extent, Italian glassworkers were induced to teach their techniques to native artisans who, in time, evolved new forms and styles suited to local needs and tastes.

SPANISH glass should not be overlooked for two reasons: first, because as early as the thirteenth century the output of the furnaces at Barcelona and Cadalso was in many ways comparable to Venetian wares, and second, because Spanish glass influenced our own early glass more than is ordinarily supposed. Our two-handled, covered sweetmeat jars, and our engraved "flips" (small drinking glasses) owe much to Spanish influence. The Spanish loved glass, and the decline of glassmaking in Spain is coincident only with the exhaustion of fuel in that country.

The French, also, were early makers of glass. It is said the first glass bottle factory in France was established in 1290. A crystal glass of wonderful clearness was eventually made at Bacarat, France, which is still famous for its product. While the Bohemian style of ornamentation was often heavy, the French used only floral designs, remarkable for their elegance and beauty. Interesting to the collector are the very beautiful paper weights, called millefiori (thousand flowers) which originated in Venice, and later were made in Bohemia, but were perfected in France.

Though Venetian glass was long the most famous in Europe, it found a rival in Bohemian glass which, in the early seventeenth century, became a new product through the use of the "rediscovered" technique of glass cutting and wheel engraving. These important contributions were made by such men as Henry

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

STANDING CUP
Decorated With an Engraved Hunting Scene
(Bohemian) About 1710

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

CUT-GLASS WALL LIGHT
(Irish) Eighteenth Century

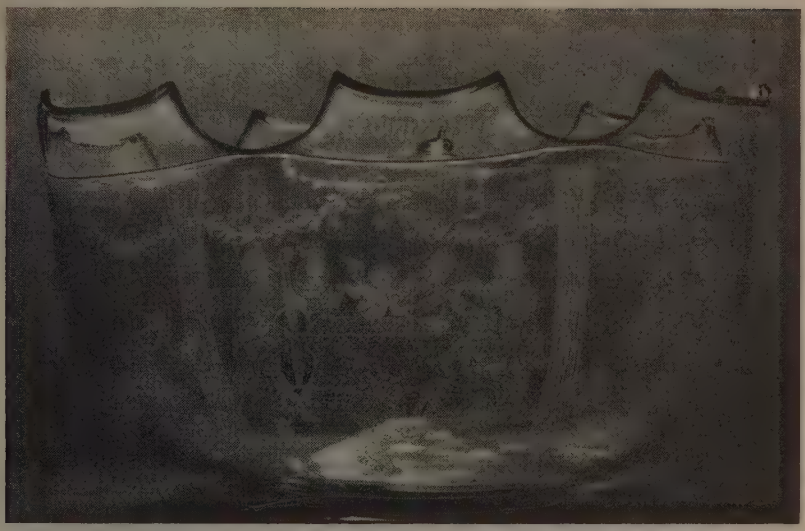
Schwarhardt, the Miseroni, and Caspar Lehmann, gem cutters, who applied the lapidary method and equipment to glass. The glasshouses of Bohemia and nearby localities became world famous for their fine colored wares.

Kunckel, a Silesian, working in a glasshouse in Potsdam, Germany, detected the fact that to get the wonderful shade of ruby, the glass had to be twice heated, and that the gold added to produce this color must be used in minute quantities only. The ruby glass and emerald glass made by Kunckel are prized collectors' items.

Early Bohemian glass was greenish in tint, but the artisans later developed a glass so clear that it resembled rock crystal. This they etched and engraved artistically. They often engraved upon it elaborate landscapes, flowers, animals, trees, people, towns, and coats of arms. A stag bounding through a forest is particularly characteristic. In the middle of the nineteenth century everyone who made the "European tour" brought home Bohemian glass for the dining table and dressing room—tall, slim decanters, and glasses of ruby and white, the ornamentation often being large thumb prints. Esteemed by the collector are those tall, covered standing cups or goblets, called "pokale."

The handsome clear Bohemian glass was the glass "de luxe" of Europe until the coming of the English and Irish flint glass, which possessed a quality that Bohemian glass did not have—the power of dispersing light. At first influenced by workers from France, Germany, and the Venetians, the English eventually evolved a style and metal all their own. English and Irish flint glass, cut and engraved, found greatest favor with the Americans, especially in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

There is no complete isolation in the arts, either in technique or



The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

WILLIAM AND MARY MARRIAGE BOWL
(English 1700)

ideas, and neither land nor sea are barriers. The American Colonies also shared in the adventures of the glassmaking world, their first glass-houses being manned by workmen from nearly all the glassmaking countries of Europe.

(*To be continued*)

Lonesome Things

Grace Barker Wilson

The lonesomest sound earth things can make
Is the wind as it blows just treetop high;
Or, in dusk of evening, the loon's wild cry
As he rises, wide-winged, from the reedy lake.

Beauty Lives in the Heart

Grace Sayre

Beauty in nature lives its short hour, and is gone;
Beauty of lineament is shorter still;
But the beauty that lights the eyes lives on and on . . . .
If you lay your love on its altar, let it fulfill
All that has made life beautiful: joy in the heart,
Love of the good, courage, sincerity—each has its part.

Vacation Plans

Dorothy Boys Killian

JANE Cummings looked across the table at her blue-eyed Bill and wondered how on earth any woman could feel it a nuisance to have her husband come home for lunch.

"Wait till you've been married ten years instead of ten months," her friend, Sandra, had chuckled over the phone this morning when Jane had said she was whipping up a pudding for Bill's lunch. "You won't want to have your day cluttered up with a man on your hands during the noon hour."

"You're looking at me rather fondly, my dear," Bill said teasingly. "Have I unwittingly done something wonderful?"

"Don't be so cocky, Mr. Cummings," Jane grinned back at him. "But I'm so glad you came home to lunch today even if I am in the midst of spring housecleaning because . . . ."

"Because it's been four long hours since last we met? I feel that way, too."

"Well, yes, that," Jane agreed, smiling, "and then I had a phone call this morning from Sandra Jamison with the most exciting news!"

"From Sandra?" Bill's voice suddenly became cautious.

"Yes," Jane said, "but, Bill, this is something you won't be able to resist. She's asked us and two other couples to spend our vacation with them at their cottage on the shore. Won't that be glorious? Swimming, tennis, wonderful meals . . . ."

"Jane, you know how I feel about the Jamisons," Bill interrupted. "They're all right, but what's the use of kidding ourselves? We just can't afford to travel in their crowd."

"But this won't cost a cent, Bill. A luxurious two weeks for nothing. What more could you ask?"

"And with the luxury," Bill groaned, "we'll have mobs of people milling around, no privacy at all, suitcases full of clothes . . . ."

"That's just it," Jane broke in. "We have those clothes now, and we might not have them later. I was looking over my summer trousseau things this morning when I was cleaning out my closet, and I wouldn't have to buy a stitch."

"Do you remember," Bill said, "that I wanted to go to the North Woods on our honeymoon, but you insisted on that summer resort instead? Oh, Janie, if you could only see the place I want to take you! The quiet woods, and that sparkling lake—it would be perfect—cooking eggs and bacon over a campfire in the cool of the early morning, paddling our canoe into a shallow cove among the water lilies, taking a dip when the sun got hot . . . . If you'd only give it a try!"

"SOMEDAY, of course, Bill," Jane answered impatiently. "But I just can't bear to pass up this opportunity. Besides, it will

be good for your business for you to meet all the people who are sure to drop in there. Please, Bill, just this one more time?" Jane pleaded.

"I'm wondering if it will always be 'just this one more time,'" Bill said quietly.

"Oh, don't be so dramatic! We probably won't have another chance like this for a long time anyway."

"Are we, by any chance, working up to our first serious quarrel?" Bill tried to laugh, but it didn't quite come off.

"Maybe we are," Jane said, her voice rising. "But you're being so unspeakably stubborn! We can go camping any old time, but this invitation . . . ."

"Is one I would rather not accept," Bill said flatly.

"Perhaps I had better accept only for myself then?" Jane gasped at the import of her own words. She looked fearfully at Bill.

His lips were a tight line as he deliberately pushed back his chair and looked down at her from a great, cold height.

"Do as you please, of course. This is a free country," he said and stalked out of the kitchen.

Jane pushed her untasted pudding aside and ran pell-mell upstairs with the vague idea of having a good, hard cry. But the bedroom was upset, with the cleaning half done. She remembered how they had laughed last night as they had fairly dug their way to bed through clothes bags, curtain rods, and hat boxes.

"Somehow it makes you feel really established in your own home, this going through your first spring housecleaning," Bill had said, removing a pair of shoe trees from his pillow slip.

"You may not feel so happy about it Saturday when you help wash the kitchen walls and woodwork," she had warned.

"Honey," he had answered, coming up behind her and putting his arms around her, "doing anything with you is fun."

"Anything except going to a house party with me," Jane muttered to herself now as she mechanically smoothed the sheets on the bed. They had gone much farther than she had meant to, she realized sadly, but now that the issue had come to a head, she could be just as stubborn as her husband.

SHE yanked the bedspread up over the pillows and literally threw herself into the job of cleaning out Bill's closet. She picked up his bag of golf clubs and pitched them out into the room. Behind them, on the floor, tucked way back in a corner, she saw an oblong canvas bag. Some of his old army stuff, she supposed.

She was just about to toss it out to join the golf bag when she saw what looked like a sales slip tucked into the leather strap which bound it. Backing out of the closet holding the heavy canvas in her arms, she read, "Mr. William Cummings—2 sleeping bags—$35.00."

When on earth had he ordered these? She looked back at the date, "5/3/50."

May 1950, last year, two months before their wedding! Jane let the

(*Continued on page 423*)

Picnic Meals

Evelyn Hansen
Director of Home Service, Utah Power and Light Company
Prepared Through the Utah State Nutrition Council

"Mom, let's have a picnic!"

This is the summer plea of children and the wish of many adults. A picnic can be wonderful fun for the entire family, including mother, if it is planned and prepared correctly. A picnic is an excellent form of summer entertaining for friends and guests, and can be the relaxing answer to a hot day.

Picnics can also help solve expensive food problems on trips and vacations.

How to Package and Pack Foods for "Away From the House" Eating

1. Use polyethelyne bags, or freezer bags. These are not cellophane. They can be used over and over again, are moisture and vapor proof. They will keep bread and cake moist, greens fresh and crisp. Keep them and take them home again. Wash and dry well and use over many times.

2. Use an insulated electric roaster or casserole to make an excellent portable refrigerator. Put ice cubes or a piece of ice in polyethelyne bags and close the top with an elastic band to keep the water from the other foods; or use a metal or glass container for ice, such as a shortening can, tall fruit juice can, or glass jar with a lid.

3. Use paper plates, cups, forks, spoons, and napkins—take plenty. Also provide paper tablecloths. These will reduce the dishwashing and laundry work when you return home.

4. Use paper tubs and plastic dishes, both with lids. These are inexpensive and come in sizes from ½ cup, for individual serving, to large sizes for quantity.

Salads, desserts, pickles, and relishes can be individually dished at home and are easy to serve at mealtime. Variety stores and those with freezer supplies carry these items.

5. Use Aluminum foil—freezer weight—to hold foods for cooking or reheating on a camp stove or bonfire. Use this material instead of cooking utensils.

To Keep Foods Hot

1. Have foods boiling in a large, well-covered kettle. The deepwell cooker kettle is excellent. Put the kettle in the center of a pasteboard box that is larger. Pack layers of newspaper around the sides and over the top of the kettle. Cover all with a rug or blanket.

2. Cook a single food or a complete meal in the insulated roaster or casserole. Put the whole roaster in the car. This meal will keep hot up to five hours.

3. Carry food in a utensil that can be used to reheat it on a camp stove or bonfire.

A good hot dish can easily be carried if there will be not more than 3-3½ hours before serving time.

RECIPES FOR PICNICS

Kidney Bean Salad

2 c. cold lunch meat, cubed
2 c. canned kidney beans, drained
¾ c. sweet pickle, chopped
2 tbsp. green pepper, chopped
2 tbsp. pimiento, chopped
salt and pepper to taste
¾ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ tbsp. cooked salad dressing

Rub salad bowl with garlic. Add Worcestershire sauce and salad dressing. Combine all ingredients in a bowl and toss lightly. Recipe will fill 12 small paper cups.

To complete the meal you might serve: sliced raw tomatoes, raw carrot sticks, bread and butter sandwiches, cupcakes, fresh fruit in season, and lemonade or milk to drink.

It is not necessary to have many kinds of foods to have a good picnic. Simple, nutritious foods are less work and more fun. Bake the cupcakes in individual paper cups. These may be frozen and kept on hand. If you do not have a vacuum jug, carry the lemonade base—lemon juice and sugar only—in a pint jar. Add 1 tablespoon to each cup of cold water. Use plenty of sugar so that you have a syrup-like mixture.

Chicketti

4-5 lb. chicken
1 can consomme
¾ c. finely cut celery
¾ c. finely chopped onion
¾ c. chopped green pepper
½ c. chopped pimiento
1¼ c. cut ripe olives
¾ tsp. paprika
4 c. uncooked spaghetti
2 c. grated cheese

Brown disjointed chicken. Place browned chicken and 2 c. water in thrift cooker. Turn switch to high, when steam appears turn to low. Cook about 2 hours, or until tender. Remove meat from the bones, cut in small pieces, and return broth to the thrift cooker. Add consomme and water, total six cups. Brown the onions and green pepper in fat, and add to the mixture, together with the chicken, pimiento, celery, seasonings, and uncooked spaghetti. Turn switch to high until steaming again, then turn to low and cook about 30 minutes longer. Add the olives and 1 c. grated cheese. When cheese is melted, serve with remaining 1 c. cheese sprinkled on top. Yield 8-10 servings.

Tallerini

1 green pepper, diced
1 lb. hamburger
2 tbsp. olive oil
1 small onion, diced
1 clove garlic, diced
½ lb. grated cheese
¾ lb. dry noodles
1 no. 2 can tomatoes
1 no. 1 can whole kernel corn
1 c. ripe olives
½ c. olive liquid

Brown pepper and hamburger in olive oil on high heat. Add remaining ingredients. Put cover on skillet, and when steam appears, remove cover and stir mixture. Replace cover and turn unit to simmer position for 45 minutes.

To complete the meal, you might serve: combination vegetable salad with French dressing (take the dressing in a jar and add just before serving), bread and butter

sandwiches or rolls, chiffon cake with frozen fruit topping or fruit turnovers. These are individual pies and may be prepared and kept frozen if they have fruit fillings.

Prepare the combination salad foods ahead and put into polyethelyne bags. Chill well. Add an ice cube or two if desired. Drain well before adding the dressing. All salads should be thoroughly chilled to prevent spoilage. Put bread and rolls, cakes and pies, in polyethelyne bags so they will keep fresh and moist.

Food for Trips

Do you like to eat as you travel? Snacks and out-of-hand foods will satisfy this desire and keep children happy. Foods that are easy to eat and do not increase thirst will aid cleanliness and lessen the stops for a drink for children.

Sandwiches

1. Graham crackers put together with cream-cheese filling.
2. Cheese and crackers.
3. Carrot and raisin filling on whole wheat bread. To make the filling, mix lightly ½ c. peanut butter, 1 c. shredded carrots, ¼ c. seeded raisins, ¼ c. cooked salad dressing. Use generously between slices of buttered bread.
4. Hot dog buns or hard rolls hollowed out and filled with your favorite chicken or fish salad.

Deviled Chicken Spread

1	6-oz. can boned chicken or equivalent in cooked chicken	1	tsp. dry mustard
¼	tsp. Accent	¼	tsp. curry powder
½	tsp. salt	½	c. mayonnaise
		3	hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Flake the chicken into small pieces. Combine Accent with other seasonings and mayonnaise; add to chicken and blend. Toss eggs lightly into chicken mixture.

Sandwiches containing meat, chicken, or fish should be chilled or frozen before packing in warm weather. Wrap each sandwich in waxed paper, then put several into a polyethelyne bag. Put them in your freezer or the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. Pack while still frozen. They will be ready to eat in 3 - 4 hours.

Cookies, crackers, and small cakes are very good while traveling, as are apples, bananas, grapes, prunes, or fresh fruit in season.

Fried chicken is always good if you don't want to stop at a cafe for the first meal out. Have it frozen as you leave home, and it will keep all day, even in the hottest weather. Raw foods, such as lettuce, carrots, celery, or fruit can complete the meal.

Keep Our Country Clean

Take along a few empty paper bags to hold soiled napkins, paper goods, and food waste. It is the responsibility of all to keep picnic grounds and highways clean and attractive. Put refuse into cans at picnic sites, if available; otherwise, take it with you and deposit in cans at service stations.

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 6

Beatrice R. Parsons

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never be wholly hers. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She meets Jeanne Beatty and Anne Clayton, friends of Matthew's, and becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric man, who has been asked to help financially in building a much-needed hospital in Sky Valley. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured since childhood, have become to her a symbol of possession, and yet she gradually learns to share herself and her husband with others. One day, while Matthew and Nurse Hallie have gone out on an emergency call, Carole cuts her hand and Lorna attends the wound and gives the little china kittens to Carole.

LORNA was fast coming to know her husband. The almost fierce independence in him, the almost terrifying impatience to learn all there was to learn about the mysterious working of human chemistry. He studied eagerly while Lorna sat quietly sewing, glad to be alone with him, even though he was deep in his book.

His mind was always busy, learning the names of the drugs that would subdue, or conquer a certain disease, probing, solving complex problems that Lorna could scarcely comprehend. When he was worried, he sought Uncle John, or Hallie, and Lorna had that old, frightening feeling of being shut out.

She was trying to conquer her fears and jealousies, and yet she still feared Matt's friends. Anne, Jeanne, and Margaret had shared his boyhood, his gay, happy youth.

One morning just after breakfast—and for a wonder—before a patient arrived, Matt and Lorna sat on their own little patio, under everlasting, lavender sweet-pea vines that shed their fragrance over them. Lorna always enjoyed these little stolen moments alone with Matt, and she was almost impatient to see Carole running across the street. She had a lovely, framed portrait in her hands.

"It's a picture of Margaret! She gave it to Mama." She sighed, deeply, happily, looking at it, "Isn't she beautiful, Dr. Matt?"

Matt took the picture in his hands and studied it. Lorna looked over his shoulder at a quiet, lovely face, with soft, lustrous dark hair molding the thin cheeks. The eyes seemed to be quietly waiting.

"Is she really like that, Matt?" asked Lorna, catching her breath. "Is she really so lovely, almost fragile looking?" She had meant to call on Margaret, had promised Matt she would do so, but she hadn't gone. She was ashamed, and said: "Matt, I've meant to go and see her. Hallie told me she hadn't been so well since she visited Patty Hamilton. I've been so

busy . . . ." Her voice dwindled, as Matt looked at her. She had no real excuse.

Matt spoke tensely, holding the frame much too tight. "Go to see her, soon, Lorna. I want you to be good friends."

Lorna glanced at her husband in quick alarm. "Is she very . . .?" She had been going to say, "ill," but Matt's eyes, darting from Carole's small face to her own, had warned her. She tried to be cheerful for Carole's sake. "Surely anyone so lovely, so . . . well . . . alive can't be . . . ." She nodded triumphantly: "Margaret must be all right, Matt. Remember how wrong you were about Jeanne. She had those X-rays, and she wrote that they showed nothing!"

Matt handed the picture back to Carole, but he said nothing. The worry that deepened his eyes didn't go as he went to the office. Lorna read Jeanne's letter again, and felt that Matt was worrying too much about Margaret. She said as much to Hallie one afternoon when they had a moment or two alone.

Hallie's starched uniform rustled crisply, and she gave Lorna a strange look. When she spoke her voice was a little gruff.

"One of the first things a nurse has to learn is not to speak lightly of anyone's illness . . . ."

LORNA flushed angrily. "I wasn't trying to be callous . . . ."

Hallie shook her head. "You weren't being callous, Mrs. Wire. You were being casual."

Lorna's eyes flicked to Hallie's stern face. "You think I'm jealous because I know how much Margaret means to Matt!"

"Margaret means a lot to everyone in Westfield," corrected Hallie very quietly. She worked carefully with the tubes and bottles in her refrigerator, and said, surprisingly enough: "How would you like to go driving this afternoon, Mrs. Wire. I have to go out to John Barker's place and look after his dressing . . . .". As she saw Lorna about to refuse, she added coaxingly: "Helen Barker gets lonely out there on the farm. She'd like to have a visitor. She's been complaining of her back, lately. But Dr. John and I doubt if there's really anything wrong."

She motioned to Lorna, who followed her reluctantly, and said as they got into the car: "I'm sure there's nothing wrong with Helen Barker that can't be cured by a good hard talking to from John. But she's got him under her thumb so that he doesn't dare say his name is his own."

She guided the car carefully along the cottonwood-shaded street, and didn't look at Lorna, as she added: "Helen's mother was one of those people who always have to rule. Helen grew up to think she must rule John. He was all right until she made him dance to her tune. Now he's just a lazy, shiftless man who deserves most of Helen's nagging."

Lorna listened to Hallie's words with one ear. She wasn't really interested in Helen and John Barker. She didn't know why Hallie wanted her to see them. There must be a reason, for Hallie wasn't the sort of person who did things hit or miss. But what it was, Lorna couldn't guess. Besides, she was thinking of Margaret, and of the

way Matt had looked when he spoke about her. She broke into the middle of Hallie's dissertation about foolish wives.

"Tell me about Margaret," she said a little crisply, demandingly.

Hallie turned her head and gave her a sharp glance. "I've known Margaret since she was a child. She was very like the sister Matt never had. They grew up on the same block, though her family moved away after she had rheumatic fever. It left her with a bad heart."

LORNA was ashamed, but she had to know the answer to the question that was troubling her heart. Her voice was low, tense, and Hallie had to bend to hear it.

"Was Matt . . .? Were they . . . in love?"

For a moment Hallie didn't answer. Then she said a little flatly: "They might have married if Margaret hadn't become ill. She put all thoughts of love aside when she learned of her condition."

Hallie seemed to be considering further. At last she said firmly: "No, Matt never loved her. Not the way he loves . . . you. But he promised her something. He promised that when he grew up and got to be a doctor, he'd cure her weak heart."

Hallie's hands were suddenly taut on the wheel as she turned into the Barker's farmyard. "There's nothing Matt can do, only stand helplessly aside and wait."

The words fell like cold rain on Lorna's shoulders as she got out of the car and crossed the yard at Hallie's side. She wondered if the world had changed, darkened. Yet the sun shone with its accustomed brilliance on the littered yard, the run-down farm. She heard Helen's sharp voice calling from the broken screen door.

"Nurse Hallie, see if there isn't anything you can do for my sore back. John just sits there and sits there, his foot up. I have to do all the chores . . . ." On and on went the stinging, lashing voice as Hallie asked about the back, promised to have Dr. Matt drop in when he was out that way, then looked at the foot that John had crushed with the plow. It looked awful to Lorna's sick eyes, but Hallie assured her that it was coming nicely.

Watching John's lined, patient face, hearing his wife's scolding voice, a thought came unbidden into Lorna's mind. A thought about a wild hawk circling a gray mountain peak. Her lips trembled suddenly, recalling what Hallie had said about John having been a jolly young man.

So that's why Hallie had brought her here. It was plain to her now. Hallie had wanted to show her an object lesson in what a selfish, possessive wife could do to a fine husband. Lorna's cheeks burned hotly as she watched Hallie finish the dressing.

For the first time she felt that perhaps it wasn't all Hallie's fault that they were so far apart. She wanted to say something to Hallie as they got back into the car, to let her know how grateful she was to know about the Barkers. But she couldn't find words to say.

She was glad when Hallie broke into her thought, saying casually: "We're passing Margaret Benson's home in a few minutes, Mrs. Wire.

(*Continued on page 420*)

Dear Conquest

Part IV (Conclusion)

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher. She makes many friends, however, her preference is for Ira Scott, a strange, silent rancher, who has few friends. Ira and Maggie become engaged on Christmas night and are married in May, despite the misgivings and apprehension of many Oakville people. The next April a son is born to Ira and Maggie, but Ira's stubborn pride complicates the relationship between them. At Thanksgiving time they visit in Oakville at the home of Maggie's former landlady, but Ira finds it necessary to return to the ranch to care for one of the hired men who has been injured in an accident. The blizzard forces Maggie and the baby to remain in town.

THE next few days were filled with worry for all of us. The storm didn't seem to ease up any, and we couldn't know for sure that Ira and Jake and the doctor had got through to the ranch. My John had gone to doctor Rich's the day after Thanksgiving to see if the doctor had gone with them.

"He did," Ann Rich told My John, "but I wish he hadn't. This is good weather to stay inside." It was, too.

On Sunday we went to church, and Maggie seemed to have a real nice time showing off the baby and visiting. Everybody was surely glad to see her and most everyone had something comforting to tell her about. They mentioned worse storms, times people got through when the drifts were higher and the winds were blowing harder. It helped a little, I guess, but Maggie stayed tense and worried underneath it all.

Jake brought the doctor back into town a week later. He dropped him off and came straight to our place. Again Maggie ran to get the baby's things ready when she heard Jake was in town and coming, but Jake had different news for her.

"Ira says I wasn't to take the risk of trying to bring you through. It's too rough and hard going, and nobody knows what kind of storm could be blown up before we get halfway. He says not come to the ranch at all no more if I got to bring you."

Maggie stared at Jake, shifting from one foot to another on the newspapers in my front hall. "When am I going home, Jake?"

"He's coming for you himself. Just as soon as Dominic is out of danger and Rosie can take care of him all right. He says another week or so. He says before Christmas for sure. Ira says he'll come in to get you himself, and if you and him can't get back, why you all can just spend the winter at his cousin Jane's house which is really mostly his anyway."

"Yes," said Maggie resignedly, "we could do that."

Jake sighed in a kind of relieved way. I handed Maggie the lunch we had put up for her and Jake to eat on the way out. She handed it to Jake. "Thank you, ma'am," he said and buttoned his coat.

"Thank you, Jake. Tell, Ira . . . . Oh, never mind." Maggie let Jake go then, and we went back to face some more waiting.

"It's something to know he's safe," I said.

"It's almost everything," said Maggie.

The weather continued to be bad until almost the middle of December. Even with it snowing Maggie began to watch for Ira, began to jump at sounds. If a day cleared up at all, she was sure Ira would come that day, and her spirits drooped as the evening came on.

"Sullivan will forget what his Daddy looks like if he doesn't come soon," sighed Maggie.

"I don't know about Christmas," I said to My John. "I just don't have the heart to fix a real Christmas dinner without Ira."

"Of course we'll have Christmas," Maggie and My John exclaimed in one breath. They laughed, and I thought how rare it was we heard Maggie's laughter now.

"Ira'll be in before Christmas, you don't need to worry none about him," My John said to Maggie. We all tried to believe it.

WE borrowed a high chair from the Shorts next door. It had been Alma's. Sullivan banged on the tray when he wanted more food. His was the only appetite which didn't diminish any as the days before Christmas became fewer.

"I expect we should be taking it back," Maggie said, looking at the high chair. "We only borrowed it for a week."

Maggie insisted on helping me all the time about the house. I got so I was hard put to invent things for us to keep on doing. One morning after Maggie had seemed more discouraged than usual, we were awakened before dawn by Maggie going down the stairs. My John and I both got up and went down, and there was Maggie on the back porch struggling with her snowshoe straps.

"I'm going to him," she sobbed, even as we got her to go back up the stairs. "There are so many misunderstandings between us. Maybe he's never coming for me . . . ."

"You couldn't ever make it," My John said indignantly. "Why Ira himself would have come in if he'd thought it safe enough, but it isn't. You wait another week to Christmas when the snow's not so soft, and I'll take you out if Ira isn't in."

"You promise?" Maggie asked.

"Sure do," said My John cheerfully, and we all went back to bed.

Sullivan was at the pulling stage. He'd pull your hair or ear or a dish off the table or anything hanging down. My John was talking seriously about raising money for the new chapel one night, and Sullivan reached up and just as seriously gave a long pull on My John's nose. If it hadn't been for the baby, I guess Maggie couldn't have stood the waiting as well as she did. Yet because of him I'm sure Maggie's heart broke a dozen times when she worried about his father.

We began preparations for Christmas. My John brought in the tree. We left the decorations until Christmas Eve, as had long been our custom. More snow made it unlikely that Ira would attempt to come in to Oakville that week before Christmas even if Dominic was out of danger. I baked my fruit

cake long in advance, and Maggie made candy. We decided we'd have the regular dinner on Christmas day as usual and hope for Ira. I couldn't somehow decide about going to the schoolhouse or the church for the programs. The schoolhouse program was always held a few days before Christmas Eve, and that night we all sat about the house trying to decide whether or not to go until it was too late.

"I'm a coward," said Maggie mournfully. "I'm afraid I'll miss Ira the first minute he comes to town."

"That's only natural," I said. "None of us felt like going out tonight. And there's the baby to keep us home."

"Well, we have to go to the church," My John insisted. "Maggie's on the program."

"Yes, that's right," said Maggie. "I'll have to play. I should be practicing."

For the next day or so Maggie opened up the parlor and played the piano most of the day. It helped ease her mind a little, it seemed.

THEN too soon it was the day before Christmas. I wondered how Maggie could ever live through Christmas Eve without Ira. My heart sank when I drew back the curtains and saw softly falling snow. It seemed as if everything was against us. I could hear My John's hungry walk downstairs, so I shut the curtains again and went downstairs to get breakfast. We spent the morning cooking and doing last minute cleaning. We ate lunch, and then Maggie put Sullivan down for his nap. I went to the attic for the Christmas decorations in order that they'd be ready for evening. I had just started down the stairs when there was a repeated knock at the front door. My heart gave such a jump I sat back on the stairs. The whole house was still, and then again the knocking. In a moment I was down to the hall where Maggie stood.

"Open the door, Maggie. It's probably the Shorts with our Christmas presents."

Maggie came alive. "Of course," she said.

But it was Ira standing on our front porch with the snow turning his black coat white.

"Come on in, Ira," I invited. "That's a fearful draft coming up the hall."

Maggie stepped back quickly from the open doorway. Ira shook himself and stepped into the hall. He and Maggie stood facing each other.

"How's Dominic?" Maggie asked after a moment.

"Out of danger and much better," Ira said. He handed some packages to Maggie. "Presents for under the tree. I'm sorry I couldn't get in to get you sooner."

"I'll take your coat, Ira," Maggie said solemnly, and Ira began to pull off his things. It was as if everything was going on in slow motion. I put Ira's presents under the tree, and Maggie and Ira went in and sat before the untrimmed tree.

"Sullivan's fine," Maggie offered. "He's asleep."

"I can hardly wait till he wakes up," Ira said with such a wistfulness I almost quit disliking him for a minute for all the trouble Maggie had been through.

"Well," I suggested, "I guess I'd better see to an early supper. Then we can all go over to the church together. Maggie's got to play."

"I'd like to hear her," Ira said rather gruffly.

I waited another moment and then went to the kitchen. The quiet living room made the palms of my hands break out in a cold sweat. I opened the door. "You ought to practice, Maggie; the parlor's nice and warm by now."

They both moved to the parlor, and in a moment I heard the piano.

MY John came in the back door, and I made him sit down on a chair in the kitchen. "We'll just have to wait it out, I guess," I sighed. "I'm afraid it's going to take a little time."

My John washed his hands and then started crumbling the dry bread for the dressing.

"Be sure you put enough sage in," reminded My John.

I gave him a swift look and pressed my lips together. If that wasn't like a man, worrying about his stomach at a time like this. Then the piano stopped. With My John there I didn't dare try to listen. Their trouble ought to be dissolving before now, and then I heard Ira's voice.

I began to set the dining room table, and his voice came more distinctly. The very sound of it seemed beautiful even to my old ears. There was love in the voice, a proud man's voice, but so full of love Maggie would be all right forever. It was happening. I went back to the kitchen and leaned against the wall and wiped my eyes.

"The onion bothering you?" asked My John. He opened the kitchen door and pulled me behind him; he opened the dining room door just a little. "Listen," he said.

"I don't need to," I tried to say, but he shushed me. Maggie's hands were stroking Ira's hair as he kneeled beside her on my green carpet.

"I've been afraid," Ira was saying, "always afraid if I praised anything too much or said I cared for anything a great deal that thing would disappear. I guess I was always trying to recover from some blow or other when I was younger until I shrank up inside myself. That's a child's way of acting—thinking the fates are after you."

Maggie murmured something.

"No," said Ira, "I cared so much for you and Sullivan that I was afraid you couldn't be real—that something would happen to rob me of you. And then when I lost some cattle, I thought it was because I'd been bragging so much—been so proud of all I had."

"No, no," murmured Maggie.

"No," and Ira looked up and smiled at her. "When there was no way for me to talk about my love for you because you weren't out at the ranch, when I realized that without you, I could never be a whole man again, I vowed I'd talk everything out your way, say everything. I'd tell you first thing how much you mean to me."

"Oh, Ira, I was letting so many little, unimportant things matter. How I've missed you, Ira . . . ."

My John shut the door. We went back to the kitchen. "Feel better?" asked My John. I nodded, smiling

(*Continued on page 418*)

Notes From The Field

General Secretary Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Drusilla B. Newman

RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), ROSE PARK WARD SINGING MOTHERS
Relief Society Sunday Evening Service, March 16, 1952

Front row, left to right: Vevedeen Hill, organist; Myrle Davis, chorister; Lucille Mills; Grace Bradford, Secretary-Treasurer; Betty Jo Reiser, President; Delores Hedin; Lucy Feveryear; Phyllis Roe.

Second row, left to right: Norma Edwards; Miriam Sims; Evelyn Wilcox; Helen Goates, First Counselor; Doris Irons, Second Counselor; Laura Rasmussen, work director.

Back row, left to right: Ruth Adams; Marie White; Margaret Williamson; Lois Steenblik; Marian Spencer.

Drusilla B. Newman, President, Riverside Stake Relief Society, in reporting this outstanding event, comments: "It was thought that it would be of interest to note the number of children involved in such a group, represented by nineteen mothers, the total being fifty-six. While such a large number of children poses some problems and handicaps, when practices are called and performances given by these Singing Mothers, we feel that our children are a blessing and that we appreciate our activity in Relief Society even more because of them."

Photograph submitted by Rula E. Frank

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD FIFTH WARD BAZAAR
December 1951

Left to right: Secretary Letta Staples; President Vanorma Anderson; Counselor Madge Parks.

Many articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold at this bazaar, including pillowslips, dish towels, many varieties of aprons, children's clothing, hats, bonnets, and decorative items. The ward was less than a year old when this successful bazaar was held.

Ivy C. Ashby is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bessie W. Dayley

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FIFTH WARD DOLL DISPLAY

A unique and successful work project has netted over one hundred dollars for Pocatello Fifth Ward Relief Society. In reporting their "Doll Project," Bessie W. Dayley, Second Counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency, describes the work: "Catering to 'her last doll' seekers, the Relief Society women made hand-knit, crocheted, and tailored wardrobes for fourteen-inch dolls. Accessories were made to complete the outfits. Bertha Cragun, work director, supervised the project, and Shirley Tolley was doll chairman."

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearl W. Jones

MALAD STAKE (IDAHO), MALAD SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WORK MEETING

Officers, standing at the back, left to right: Kathryn Harding, work meeting leader; Hannah Peterson, work chairman; Fern A. Willie, First Counselor; Mary C. Sweeten, President; Lile B. Kern, Second Counselor; Pearl W. Jones, Secretary.

The sisters of this ward have engaged in a large number of work meeting activities: quilting, rug weaving, hairpin lace, netting, crocheting, tatting, making applique, textile painting, flower making, picture painting, and special demonstrations of floral arrangements and candy making.

Hanna S. Harris is president of Malad Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Annie M. Ellsworth

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, SOUTHWEST MISSOURI DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Left to right: Charles W. Brown (portraying the Prophet Joseph Smith); First Counselor Lorene Tidlund (Emma Smith); Second Counselor Marie Brown (Eliza R.

Snow); Gertie Ohler (Zina D. H. Young); President Lena Nickle (Emmeline B. Wells); Ruth Wintle; Marian Broman; Pearl Green; Vera Dalrymple (Amy Brown Lyman); Ada Harris (Louise Y. Robison); Naydeen Sandmire (Bathsheba Smith); Wilma Johnson (Belle S. Spafford); Clara Mitchel; Gladys Drummond (Clarissa S. Williams); James W. Nickle, District President.

This special program was held March 16, 1952, at Webb City, Missouri, celebrating the birthday of Relief Society. The theme of the program included the organization of the society and the lives and labors of the presidents. The cake on the table was decorated with the words: "110th Anniversary of the Relief Society." The program was arranged and conducted by District Relief Society President Lorene Tidlund.

Annie M. Ellsworth is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lena W. Glaus

EAST GERMAN MISSION, LEIPZIG DISTRICT, DELITZSCH GEMEINDE (BRANCH) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Sister Lena Glaus, President, East German Mission Relief Society, reports the many problems and opportunities for service in the East German Mission: "We think our mission is the best mission in the whole Church. Do you know why? Because no other mission has as many problems as we have. Our mission is made up of ten districts. Some two months ago President Glaus invited all of our Relief Society district presidents to come to Berlin. We really had a spiritual feast, and many tears were shed for joy and the privilege they had of meeting the mission mother. These women are like our pioneers of old—they can "take it," and they are true to the core. I am sincerely thankful for the opportunity I have of laboring here in Germany with these fine people."

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Elder Leland H. Monson

THE purpose of this year's lessons on The Book of Mormon is to familiarize Relief Society sisters with the narrative, the characters, and the teachings of the first and second books of Nephi. These two books give an account of a second colony that migrated from the Eastern Hemisphere and settled in the land of promise about the time of the demise of the Jaredite civilization, 600 B.C.

These colonists formed a small settlement under the immediate leadership of Lehi, father of six boys, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, Nephi, Jacob, and Joseph. Together with the sons and daughters of Ishmael, and Zoram the servant of Laban, keeper of the Brass Plates, they founded a new civilization in the land of promise.

It was not long after the death of Lehi, however, until the older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, recalcitrant and disobedient from the beginning, renounced the leadership of Nephi. With murder in their hearts, they sought to take Nephi's life.

With the loyal members of the colony, Nephi separated from Laman and Lemuel and their families, and founded a new settlement north of the original place of disembarkation. Henceforth, two civilizations flourished on the land of promise, the Nephites and the Lamanites.

Nephi laid the foundation of a great civilization, undergirded with a high degree of spirituality. Laman and Lemuel established a people of an idle nature, a people "full of mischief and subtlety."

Like all great history, this account is filled with valuable lessons for us. Studying the principles of their success and their failure, we come to understand what we should undertake and what we should avoid. This record, more than any other we have, teaches us that when a people is righteous it prospers, but when it is unrighteous or wicked it declines.

To the degree that we learn from our reading of this portion of The Book of Mormon the basic concepts which contributed to success, and set about sincerely and vigorously to activate these principles in our lives, in just that proportion will the course be meaningful and profitable to us.

It is the mission of The Book of Mormon to be a new witness of Jesus Christ.

The author feels that he should

repeat the instructions given by the Relief Society general board concerning the use of maps and unauthorized publications:

We advise against the use of any maps dealing with Book of Mormon locations, and against the use of books which are not authorized by the Church as approved by the Church Publications Committee.

In order to fulfill the requirements of the reading program of the theology course on The Book of Mormon, it is necessary to read The Book of Mormon itself. No credit will be given for reading any other account of Book of Mormon incidents.

The titles and objectives for the course of study for the second year are as follows:

Lesson 9. *Preparation for the Journey*
Objective: To show that "if . . . the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them" (1 Nephi 17:3).

Lesson 10. *Journey to the Land of Promise*
Objective: The Lord aids those who keep his commandments to accomplish righteous purposes.

Lesson 11. *The Value of Records*
Objective: To demonstrate the value of records to a people of God.

Lesson 12. *Lehi's Later Exhortations*
Objective: To realize the great concern of Lehi for his people and the necessity of obeying the commandments of prophets.

Lesson 13. *Separation Into Nephites and Lamanites*
Objective: To show the power of righteousness and spirituality in building a great civilization.

Lesson 14. *Nephi*
Objective: To gain an appreciation of the character and teachings of Nephi, and to realize the value to all men in emulating them.

Lesson 15. *Nephi's Predictions, Promises, and Instructions*
Objective: To study Nephi's predictions concerning the Jews, Nephites, Lamanites, and the Gentiles.

Lesson 16. *The Words of Jacob Recorded by Nephi*
Objective: To study the eternal truths taught by Jacob.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Leone O. Jacobs

THE Visiting Teacher Messages for the year 1952-53 are a continuation of the course "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth." The scriptural passages for these messages have been taken from the chapters of The Book of Mormon which will be studied in the

ology lessons this year. However, these visiting teacher messages do not necessarily tie in with the theology lessons, but are complete and separate messages within themselves.

The Relief Society has a sacred obligation to teach the gospel to the sisters of the Church, and these visiting teacher messages are designed to help in the fulfillment of this responsibility. The general board particularly desires that the visiting teacher message leaders fully sense this responsibility; and we urge them to encourage the visiting teachers to be conscientious in presenting these messages in an interesting, informal, and friendly way in Latter-day Saint homes.

The titles of the eight messages and their objectives follow:

Lesson 9. "*Wherefore, Do Not Spend Money for That Which Is of No Worth, Nor Your Labor for That Which Cannot Satisfy*" (2 Nephi 9:51).

Objective: To encourage women to seek after true values in life.

Lesson 10. "*But to Be Learned Is Good If They Hearken Unto the Counsels of God*" (2 Nephi 9:29).

Objective: To point out the meaning of true education.

Lesson 11. "*. . . I Work Not Among the Children of Men Save It Be According to Their Faith*" (2 Nephi 27:23).

Objective: To show that faith is necessary in order to receive blessings from God.

Lesson 12. "*Therefore, Wo Be Unto Him That Is at Ease in Zion!*" (2 Nephi 28:24)

Objective: To point out the need for being always on guard against the wiles of Satan.

Lesson 13. "*Yea, I know That God Will Give Liberally to Him That Asketh. Yea, My God Will Give Me, If I Ask Not Amiss*" (2 Nephi 4:35).

Objective: To encourage praying to the Lord for guidance, and to point out that he will answer our prayers aright.

Lesson 14. "*Wherefore, the Lord God Gave Unto Man That He Should Act for Himself. Wherefore, Man Could Not Act for Himself Save It Should Be That He Was Enticed by the One or the Other*" (2 Nephi 2:16).

Objective: To bring to our minds an awareness of the importance of free agency, and to stimulate its intelligent use.

Lesson 15. "*. . . For They Who Are Not for Me Are Against Me, Saith Our God*" (2 Nephi 10:16).

Objective: To stress the necessity of giving support to the work of the Lord.

Lesson 16. "*. . . And If It So Be That the Children of Men Keep the Commandments of God He Doth Nourish Them, and Strengthen Them, and Provide Means Whereby They Can Accomplish the Thing Which He Has Commanded them*" (I Nephi 17:3).

Objective: To leave the comforting thought that if we keep the commandments of God he will help us to achieve the things that are required at our hands.

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Rhea H. Gardner

"Mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of Providence to guide the destinies of nations."—Brigham Young

A nation can be no stronger than the homes of which it is constituted. The strength of the home is influenced more by the wife and mother than by any other one person. She guides and directs the activities that go on within her own home, and plays a vital role in determining the kind of homemakers her daughters will become. Homemakers truly are molders of destiny.

The purpose of this course of study is to help homemakers find greater enjoyment and satisfaction in the work they do, and to stimulate appreciation for their membership in the homemaking profession.

In his address delivered at the annual general Relief Society conference in October 1951, President Stephen L Richards said:

> The women that want to get away from home are the women that never learn to have any real pleasure and enjoyment in their homes with their children. They want to get away, because they are often unhappy. . . . Some of the work may seem to be mundane, but it is not. There is no menial, there is no mundane work in raising a family of God's children to return them to their eternal home whence their spirits came. So great is the concept of that undertaking, so glorious the vision of that which follows, that it must, of necessity, give spiritual import and great significance to every single item, however trivial, however small, which transpires in a good home (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1951, page 801).

Let us not run away from our responsibilities, but rather learn to discharge them so well that our work will become our greatest source of happiness. A busy homemaker was asked, "How are you able to do so many things?" She answered: "I get energy to do one thing from the joy I have in doing others." She evidently was a successful home manager.

Wise mothers use the housekeeping jobs as the curriculum through which children grow to mature adulthood. Dr. Charters, psychologist of Ohio State University, has said that between the time when a baby throws his bowl of cereal on the floor to the time when he finds a cloth and wipes the floor clean without being told, after spilling something, there is a long and patient process of learning. He points out that the way the teaching is done can make the difference between a genuinely mature person and an unhappy, maladjusted adult.

Rather than to think of home management as a joy involving only scrubbing, cleaning, dusting, cooking, and patching, let us look beyond these processes to the bigger accomplishments and view them as they affect the lives of family members.

The course will cover a two-year period of study. During the cur-

rent year the following topics will be treated:

Lesson 1. *Management of My Home*
Lesson 2. *Making Hours Count Most*
Lesson 3. *Using Energy Wisely*
Lesson 4. *Providing for Order and Convenience in the Kitchen*
Lesson 5. *Providing for Order and Convenience in Rooms Other Than the Kitchen*
Lesson 6. *Spring Housecleaning*
Lesson 7. *What Is Income?*
Lesson 8. *How Can Income Best Be Used?*

Note to Class Leaders:

Class leaders are encouraged to watch for current articles written by qualified persons in magazines and newspapers to supplement the lesson material in *The Relief Society Magazine*. References for additional reading will appear with the lessons.

Literature—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

IN this age of competition, noise, and speed, the opportunity to enjoy quiet beauty, to listen to one's own thoughts, or to visit with old friends and perhaps find new ones, comes too rarely. Modern life has become like a crowded highway along which we race, tense and tired, seeing nothing in the blurred landscape that flashes past as we rush along to our unknown destination. And yet all the beauties of the countryside, the valleys, mountains, lakes, and streams, the homesteads and villages where old friends and neighbors, and perhaps interesting strangers live, are still there to be enjoyed if we will slow down, leave the highway, stroll along the quiet lanes and pause to renew old friendships and make new ones among the genuine folk who dwell there.

This year we are to have the opportunity of spending an hour each month visiting one of the most interesting spots in the history of literature, the period of romanticism. There we shall sit quietly in a shady garden and listen as Coleridge explains what poetry is, and gives us his opinion of the writings of Shakespeare. Again on another day, we will read the immortal "Ancient Mariner" to illustrate his standards of good poetry. We will visit the baronial estate of Sir Walter Scott and learn from him of his country and people, of his love for and pride in them as revealed in his poems and novels. We shall watch from a hilltop as the handsome, courageous, Lord Byron unfolds his drama before us in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Don Juan." We shall hear the symphonic melodies of Shelley, and be fascinated by the colorful tapestries of Keats. We shall become acquainted with Jane Austen and the manners and customs of England in her time. And, as a final excursion, we shall spend a pleasant hour enjoying a panoramic view of this entire lovely retreat.

Each class leader will serve as a well-informed guide. The lessons in the *Magazine* will be the guidebook. In them, you will find summaries of historical backgrounds, life sketches, and brief excerpts from the works of these great writers. Study the guidebook as the wise tourist always does, so that you will know what to expect and look for, and then carry your *Magazine* with you as you join us each month for these eight satisfying visits in the land of romanticism.

The textbook for this year's study of literature is the same one used the past year: Woods, Watt, Anderson: *The Literature of England*, Vol. II. This is for sale at the Deseret Book Company; price $5.00. Reasonably priced editions of the two novels, one of Sir Walter Scott: *The Heart of Midlothian*, price 75c, and Jane Austen's: *Pride and Prejudice*, 65c, may be purchased at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Following are the lesson titles and objectives for this year:

Lesson 25. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (1772-1834) (Text, pp. 163-190; 328-336).

Objective: To sketch a portrait of Coleridge and to indicate his influence as a philosopher and critic.

Lesson 26. *Coleridge, the Poet* (1772-1834) (Text, pp. 163-190)

Objective: To study Coleridge's poems as illustrations of his poetic theory, that we might more fully understand, and thus enjoy his works.

Lesson 27. *Sir Walter Scott* (1771-1832) (Text, pp. 190-199) *The Heart of Midlothian.*

Objective: To sketch the importance of place and tradition in Scott's life and writings that his achievement may be more fully understood and enjoyed.

Lesson 28. *George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron* (1788-1824) (Text, pp. 200-248)

Objective: By detailing the principles of romanticism which he immortalized in his life and writings, to come more fully to know Lord Byron.

Lesson 29. *Percy Bysshe Shelley* (1792-1822) (Text, pp. 248-273; 315-318)

Objective: To relate Shelley's idealism to his lyrical poetry.

Lesson 30. *John Keats* (1795-1821) (Text, pp. 273-296)

Objective: To understand more fully the relation between Keats' life his theory of beauty, and his poetry.

Lesson 31. *Jane Austen* (1775-1817) *Pride and Prejudice, Emma,* or *Persuasion*

Objective: To attempt to understand Jane Austen's world of reality.

Lesson 32. *Readings in Romanticism*—a Review

Objective: To re-define the length and texture of the romantic strands, that finally they might be bound together in a solid knot.

Alchemy

Caroline Eyring Miner

Sorrow may be changed to wisdom
By some strange alchemy,
And wisdom lead one in the way
To sweet felicity.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

THE seven lessons for 1952-53 conclude the series taken from *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. Part III is entitled "In the Way of Destiny." In this, as in the previous periods studied, we see two opposing camps in battle array. The forces of evil and oppression and ignorance are marshaling all their might to stay the destined triumph of righteousness; but theirs is a losing fight. The purpose of God cannot be frustrated. A study of the world-wide advances of this period will convince us, with Moroni, that "the eternal purposes of the Lord shall roll on, until all his promises shall be fulfilled" (Mormon 8:22). Many of those purposes have been already established; much remains to be achieved. But the irresistible trend of events is ever toward their accomplishment.

Wise men, inspired of the Lord, drew up the Constitution of the United States. Similar devotees of freedom in Great Britain and in other lands were moved upon by the same spirit, and greater free agency was guaranteed to many peoples. The doctrine was accepted widely that all men are entitled to equal rights and justice. Under these favorable circumstances, it was possible for the gospel to be restored and promulgated, and the Church to be organized to endure and increase.

The Church teaches loyalty to established governments under which its members live; and these believe in "obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law" (12th Article of Faith). Yet it recognizes the fact that no government upon the earth is perfect, and that even the best of them can only serve as a preparation and a forerunner for that glorious period when Christ shall rule and reign over the whole earth. During the millennium, wickedness shall be removed from the earth, and peace and justice and righteousness shall prevail.

Dangerous trends toward irreligion and immorality, meanwhile, are all too evident on every hand, and in every country. There is an almost universal tendency toward treason against God and his divine and saving principles. Nothing short of genuine repentance can stay the decrees of destruction which shall come upon all those who do wickedly. With every decline in righteous living comes a resurgence of oppression and dictatorial government and efforts to deny man his agency. The world today, wounded and bleeding, is fearful of fresh outbreaks of unimaginable destructiveness. The signs of the fulfillment of prophecy are on every hand.

In the midst of present turmoil and apprehension, we are permitted, by the light of revelation, to

see beyond the impending ills to the glorious future when the Savior shall come in glory, evil shall be banished, and world-wide happiness shall prevail. Man, becoming more and more God-like through faithfulness, can eventually attain to his destined high place in the future, a glorified and perfected being on a celestialized world. Such a vision should carry us forward in full faith.

Following are the lesson titles and objectives for this year:

PART III—IN THE WAY OF DESTINY

Lesson 15. *The Constitution of the United States* (Text: chapters 25-29)

Objective: To present the truth that in a critical period of American history the Lord raised up wise men to establish the Constitution of the United States, for the protection of the rights and privileges and moral agency of man.

Lesson 16. *The British Constitution* (Text, chapter 39)

Objective: To make clear how Great Britain has set before the world an example of free government, the outgrowth of centuries of struggle for liberty, and how her political organization has influenced for good constitutional systems all over the world.

Lesson 17. *Church Attitude on Governments and Law* (Text, chapter 30, page 347; chapters 32 and 29)

Objective: To exemplify the Church teaching that its members should be loyal to the government and the laws under which they live, and "be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign."

Lesson 18. *Modern Trends in Government* (Text, chapters 33-34)

Objective: To show that nations, rejecting truth and worshiping worldly things, are drifting toward irreligion and the darkness of hate and evil, and a woeful lack of respect for law and order. The world is aligning itself into two camps, dictatorship and communism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. Peace is imperiled and preparations for war are on a scale heretofore unexampled.

Lesson 19. *Preparing the Way* (Text, chapter 35)

Objective: To make clear that the Constitution of the United States and other national constitutions which embody good principles are forerunners to prepare the people for the perfect government when Christ shall rule as King.

Lesson 20. *The Kingdom of God* (Text, chapters 40-41)

Objective: To explain how, at the climax of world history, the wicked shall be swept off, and the Lord shall come in glory to reign over the righteous for a thousand years of peace.

Lesson 21. *Destiny of the Earth and Man* (Text, chapters 42-43)

Objective: To emphasize the truth that the earth is destined to become a glorified celestial kingdom, sanctified and immortal, inhabited only by those who attain to celestial exaltation.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year only one writer not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, is introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*. She is Mrs. Rhea H. Gardner, author of the work meeting lessons on "Home Management."

Rhea Hurst Gardner, Home Management and Furnishings Specialist for the Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service, was born and reared at Shelley, Idaho, a daughter of Samuel Harris and Wilhelmina Clossner Hurst. Here she received her early education and practical experience in work on the family farm and in the home. Her mother served as a ward Relief Society president for the first twenty years of Rhea's life.

She received her B.A. degree in Home Economics at the college which she is now serving, and a M.A. degree from Cornell University. For the past thirteen years she has been a member of the Utah Extension Service. In this capacity it has been her privilege to work with Relief Society officers and members in almost every community in the state of Utah.

Her Church activities include a mission to the Northwestern States, Primary president, and teacher in the M.I.A. and in Sunday School. In 1948 she was married to Ivin E. Gardner in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple. Six months later, death took her companion from her. Five stepchildren and fourteen grandchildren remain to bless her life.

Her hobbies are preparing good, wholesome food, wood finishing, and creating beauty in homes.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see the following references in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Elder Leland H. Monson, page 472, July 1951

Leone Openshaw Jacobs, page 472, July 1951

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, page 471, July 1949

Elder Archibald F. Bennett, page 469, July 1950.

* * * *

Dear Conquest

(*Continued from page 405*)

and tried to make up for lost time as far as dinner was concerned.

We had a fine time at the church. Sullivan was as good as gold on Ira's knee the whole time, though he occasionally made a wild grab for Ira's nose. Ira grinned ever so proudly, and agreed with every good comment anybody made about the baby or Maggie's playing or anything else.

We opened the presents under the Christmas tree Ira and Maggie had trimmed just before we left. One of Sullivan's presents from Ira was a tiny carved Hereford bull. I thought he must have had it made or bought it somewhere, but Ira

aid he'd carved it himself. It was nusually clever. The wood had een highly polished and little oints had been placed in the two ront knees of the bull so he could ow. It had a little horse-hair tail.

Maggie stared at the bull and hen at Ira. Ira smiled at her.

"It took me awhile to figure hings out; then when I did I ouldn't get in from the ranch. I nade this while I wasn't fixing Dominic up. We'll use it as a eace-maker, all right?"

"All right," laughed Maggie, and hen Ira threw back his head and aughed. "I saw that bull sale as unny after I got back to the ranch nd had time to think, but I missed ou too much to laugh at anything ut there."

Sullivan reached up and pulled ra's ear.

"Well," I said, stifling a yawn, this has been a happy Christmas, asn't it?"

"It has," agreed Maggie and Ira ogether. Then we all laughed gain over nothing and everything.

* * * *

A Flower's Way

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Night simulates the bud of day
Secret, closed—a flower's way;
Morning, like the opening flower,
Discloses wonder with each hour.
Day, the full-blown flower, grows,
Unfolding simply like the rose;
And evening, like a blossom spent,
Has long been touched by each event.
Unopened flower is the night,
All darkness, but the bud of light.

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Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 401)

I promised I'd bring her news about Patty Hamilton . . . ."

She left the sentence unfinished, for Lorna to say whether or not they should go. Lorna nodded briefly.

"I'd like to meet her."

THEY stopped before a neat frame house. Along the picket fence tamarisk waved fern-like fronds. Flame-red gladioli lighted a sudden fire at the edge of a pool where small, golden fishes flashed among pink and white water lilies.

Lorna felt a little as though Hallie and Matt—all of them—were wrong about Margaret's health as she saw her upon the porch. She had expected her to be in bed, pale and worn and twisted with pain.

Instead, a lovely girl—the girl of Carole's photograph—came down a step or two of the porch, smiling brightly, holding out her hands to Hallie.

"Hallie, I've been waiting for you." She caught the older woman's hands in a swift, understanding grip, then turned to Lorna, her black eyes bright with the knowledge of who she was. "It's Mrs. Wire . . . Lorna . . . isn't it? Matt has been telling me all about you. I'm so glad you could call."

Her voice sounded a little breathless as she led them back up the steps and seated them in the rustic chairs. Lorna's mind buzzed a little.

So Hallie had been coming here all the time! Margaret had given her away. And Matt knew it, too. He hadn't warned Lorna. He had wanted the two women to meet as casually as two new friends might meet. He had wanted Lorna to see the woman he was so interested in. He wanted Lorna to know just how well she could be, yet how dangerously ill.

Lorna couldn't hide her astonishment as she glanced at Margaret. Margaret's eyes were deep and serious as their glances met and clung.

Margaret spoke very quietly, "Matt has been telling me that you were coming to see me. He has told me about your little scrapbooks. I think you're a sweet person, Lorna. And perhaps, sometime, you'll make a little book for Patty Hamilton. It will be some time before she's up and around."

LORNA promised. She felt like crying as Margaret went slowly into the house to ask her aunt to make some punch and bring some of her raisin cookies.

Hallie was watching Lorna, and when Lorna looked up she saw a brief kindness in Hallie's eyes that was quickly dimmed as Hallie spoke.

"I know you've been jealous of Margaret, Mrs. Wire. In a way you haven't been to blame. Matt is very fond of her. But there's nothing to fear from any standpoint except your own. Matt is too big and fine a person to ever guess that you were jealous. The idea is completely outside his comprehension."

Her words were like tiny flails against Lorna's shamed heart. Impulsively, she moved to Hallie's side on the big rustic divan, and just as impulsively touched her hand.

"All day long you've been trying to help me understand myself. I want to thank you. I . . . ."

She didn't finish because Margaret and her aunt came out upon the porch. Margaret's aunt poured the pale lime punch and Margaret put a plate of dainty cookies in Hallie's hands.

Hallie took one and passed the plate to Lorna. Her usually stern, cool eyes held a little smile. When she spoke her words made warm happiness rush into Lorna's heart.

"Have a cookie, Lorna. You must be hungry after our long drive." Then, quickly, lest Lorna's shaking hands drop the cookie plate, she took it and put it down on the table. Immediately, she began chatting lightly about other things.

Then it was time to go back home. Hallie drove silently. Lorna had very little to say. It was as though both of them knew the door that had been closed between them was now opened a little crack.

Lorna promised herself that she would not make any more mistakes. As long as Hallie was holding out her hands, trying to help, she'd be all right.

And so would John Barker. And Margaret. They had Dr. Matt to lean upon. As long as he was there, they'd be all right, too!

(*To be continued*)

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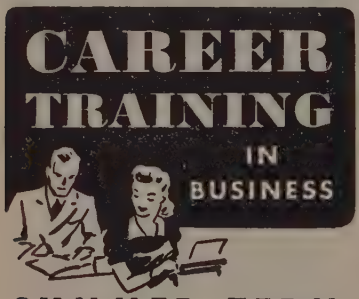

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The Quiet Night

Josephine J. Harvey

The gentle winds at twilight
Sway the branches of the palms,
And darkness falls too soon.

There is a peaceful beauty
In the quietness of moonlight
Falling on hibiscus blooms.

Concerto

Ing Smith

We listened. You murmured,
"One river endures:
Our love in this music—
My music and yours."

For none could have told us
How years would define
Two separate rivers—
Your music and mine.

Unquestioned Miracle

Christie Lund Coles

The June day curves about me here,
Rich to the eye, opulent, rare;
As gleaming and translucent
As freshly polished crystal ware;

As opalescent and as blue
As water splashing silver notes;
With emeralds carpeting the earth,
And bird-song tinkling myriad throats;

With fields still diamond-starred with dew
Giving the scent of wild, fresh clover;
With hills dotted with petit-point;
With tinsel sun, gold-warm all over.

With magical, shimmering, China silk
Caught upon each leafing bough;
Here . . . the unquestioned miracle
The doubting heart . . . believing now.

Land of Gold

Vesta N. Lukei

Green aisles of peace are these
Amid the orange trees
That, fragrant, fruitful, grow
In even row on row.
The sunlight through the leaves
A moving pattern weaves
Like flowing water green
With irridescent sheen.
The perfume in the air
As nectar, sweet and fair,
Invites the hummingbird,
But scarcely seen or heard.
Small captured suns, the round
And orange fruits abound.
They are the pure bright gold
These southern valleys hold.

Vacation Plans

(*Continued from page 395*)

heavy gear drop on the floor as she sat down heavily on the bed.

So he had been quietly planning this camping trip down to the last details, and then the bride had ridden over his dreams with her own preferences, hardly even listening to his ideas. The bride is everything.

But now, a year later, she was doing it again. Only this time she wasn't a bride any longer, she was a *wife*, and marriage is a sharing thing.

She looked, shame-faced, at Bill's picture on her dresser, gave the sleeping bags a tender flick with her dust rag, and then started downstairs to phone the office. Bill wouldn't mind being interrupted to hear the news she had to tell him!

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From Near and Far

Since entering the mission field in December 1950 I have received *The Relief Society Magazine* as a gift from the Monrovia, California, Relief Society. This is one of the most useful and helpful gifts I have received. It has given me many ideas and helps in preaching the gospel. I have loaned out my copies to some of the Mexican members who read English, and they have also enjoyed the *Magazine*.

—Doris D. Whitlock
Spanish-American Mission,
Houston, Texas

I have been reading *The Relief Society Magazine* since I was a young girl. I have always enjoyed the clean, wholesome stories and the messages given to the women of the Church.

—Vilate B. Leavett,
Kirksville, Missouri

The poetry published in *The Relief Society Magazine* is excellent, and, in my opinion compares favorably with any poetry appearing in the big-circulation nationall magazines—and no wonder—for the poets who write for *The Relief Society Magazine* also write for the national magazines (Katherine F. Larsen, Christie Lund Coles, Margery S. Stewart, Lael W. Hill, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, to name a few). I particularly enjoyed "Lullaby" (January 1952 frontispiece poem, by Lael W. Hill) and that lovely, sensitive poem "The Silence" (April 1951) by Margery S. Stewart.

—Lois Geumlek
Salt Lake City, Utah

My little sister sent me *The Relief Society Magazine* for a birthday gift last year, and I must say it has been one of the added joys of my missionary experience.

—Maxine Thomason
Stockholm, Sweden

My mother receives *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I enjoy it very much, even though I am only sixteen. I especially enjoy the stories and the poems, as they are very uplifting.

—Loa Fern Smith
Glendale, Arizona

Since my earliest recollection *The Relief Society Magazine* has been a visitor in our home. When I was a boy my mother was president of the Relief Society in Parowan Stake. After we moved to Colorado in 1887 she served as stake president of San Luis stake for twenty-five years. It often fell to my lot to meet the visiting sisters from Salt Lake. My mother being a lifelong friend of Emmeline B. Wells (General President of Relief Society 1910-1921), I met and conversed many times with her. I pride myself on having received a goodbye kiss and blessing from her. With praise and prayers for your splendid work,

—A. P. Mortensen
San Bernardino, California

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much and find that it is for young mothers, as well as old. I shall flaunt it before my young family, so that they will grow up reading choice literature instead of sensational material from "popular" magazines. Being especially interested in poetry, I love that best of all.

—Nellie B. Brenchley
Preston, Idaho

The *Magazine* is published for mothers and the women of the Church, and we find that it is also enjoyed by teen-age daughters. They do enjoy the pictures and the fiction also. It is good to have worthwhile reading for all. An elder here gave a sermon based on an article in the *Magazine* last Sunday evening. The Priesthood members also enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Miriam W. Wright
Creston, Montana

Just a word of appreciation for the *Magazine*. My mother, Zilpha Fuller Earl, who died in January 1952, loved *The Relief Society Magazine* more than any magazine. Also, she had many copies of *The Woman's Exponent* which she read and reread, particularly in the years after she became a cripple.

—Inez Earl Sigmon
El Centro, California

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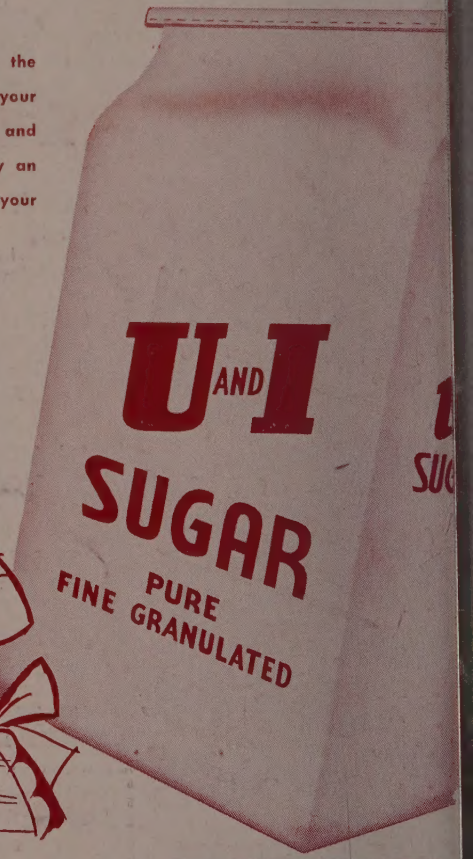

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